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THEOCRITUS AND TENNYSON.

BIDDLE PRIZE ESSAY.

"NOWADAYS," says Stedman, "we have Homer and Horace by heart; but Theocritus is, to most of us, but the echo of a melodious name." And yet, as the father of idyllic poetry, and the "last of all the perfect voices of Hellas," Theocritus deserves as much study and attention as any of the great writers of antiquity.

The time in which he lived, the third century before Christ, marks a transition period in the history of letters. The spring and summer of Greek literature had passed. The rich beauty of that golden period had reached its glorious prime and sunk slowly, but surely, into a lifeless autumn; the winds of criticism were beginning to sweep down from the cold heights of pedantic learning with chilling, blighting influence; and the winter was fast closing

down which was to forever hush the voice of Hellenic inspiration. Then it was that there sprang up the late blossom of idyllic verse, to breathe, for a short space, its sweetness among the fallen leaves and ripe fruit.

Strange environment for such a flower! But it budded and grew up quietly, before it was exposed to the wintry blasts of criticism. While the great Alexandrian school waxed wise in the wisdom of its treasured tomes, the young Theocritus was learning the open secrets of the great book of Nature. "The Museum and the Libraries," says Andrew Lang, "with their hundreds of thousands of volumes, were hot-houses of grammarians and learned poets"—and what pampered hot-house growths were their works; instead of art modeled from nature, nature distorted into art! No greater antithesis presents itself in literary history than the "artificial jangle" of this school of Alexandria on the one hand, and Theocritus, with his lesser contemporaries, Moschus and Bion, on the other. While the one carried on wars of epigrams, or dissected Homer, or spread their wings in long flights of empty verse, the other painted their idyls, or little pictures, with all the simplicity of truth and all the eloquence of life. It was imitation versus inspiration, technique versus genius. Well does Lang say of the former, "In them the intellect of the Hellenes still faintly glowed like embers on an altar, that shed no light;" but, "over these embers the god poured once again the sacred oil, and from the dull mass leapt the genius of THEOCRITUS."

But leaving for a time Theocritus and his age, and taking a great sweep down the intervening centuries to the present or Victorian age, we shall find history repeating itself in a way almost startling. The resemblance to the times we have just left, though not perfect, is plain enough to be read by all men. For us, too, there has been a spring and summer. For Homer we have had our Milton, for Æschylus our Shakespeare, and for Pindar our Burns or Shelley. The tendency of the times is toward criticism and learned re-

search. Scholars are abundant, geniuses scarce. Men cry out that the divine afflatus is disappearing before the march of modern materialism. And though the Victorian has not gone to such extremes as the Alexandrian period, it is impossible, in the face of such signs of the times, not to see that the drift is in the same direction. Yet there is one notable exception to this pervading spirit. The voice of Tennyson rings out above the chorus, clear and true; and we may complete the rough analogy and say—for Theocritus we have our Tennyson.

How much Tennyson owes to Theocritus it would be impossible, as well as useless, to attempt to estimate. Enough that this indebtedness is not small. Nor is this any disparagement to the Laureate. The inventor of the steam engine rightly receives high honor, but had any one man developed at a step the crude possibilities of the first steam engine into the perfect mechanical organism that to-day has revolutionized time and annihilated space, would not that man be held in equal honor? Such a feat Tennyson has performed in relation to the idyl. Others have tried to reproduce the Greek model, and the results were the sickening and tiresome "pastorals" which flooded England with lovesick Phyllises and Corydons during the Elizabethan era. It required the skill and genius of Tennyson to adapt the idyllic spirit to modern ideas; to cull from it the wheat, leaving the chaff; to develop its crudeness into the consummation of finished beauty. "His work is greater than the Syracusan's," says Stedman, "because his thought and period are greater."

Here then are two master spirits—born into similar periods, and together peerless in the line of idyllic poetry, while possessing strong individualities of their own. Let us inquire a little more minutely what were their mutual gifts, and how the original master influenced his great pupil.

First of all, both men were born word-painters. For the rustic poet of Sicily to see the loveliness of "nature una-

dorned," was something; but for him to transmute through time the Sicilian sunlight, and the cool music of the dripping spring, and the lowing of the gentle cattle—*this* was much more, and required the highest gift of delineation. No less is England's Laureate noted for his descriptive skill. His descriptions are graphic, complete. In a few bold touches he puts before our eyes a scene which whole paragraphs of commonplace rehearsal would not give us. A passage from each poet must suffice to illustrate this happy faculty, although it is to be seen on every page of their writings: From the Eighth Idyl of Theocritus:

"There they (the Nymphs) reclined on beds of fragrant rushes, lowly strown, and rejoicing they lay among the new stript leaves of vine. And high above their heads waved many a poplar, many an elm tree, while close at hand the sacred water from the Nymphs' own cave welled forth with murmurs musical."

And from the "Lotos Eaters,"

"A land of streams! Some like a downward smoke,
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below."

Another common characteristic of Theocritus and Tennyson is their sweetness and lightness of touch. While neither of them are distinctively love poets, the fine beauty of their love passages seems almost perfect. Here the former has the advantage of the natural simplicity of his age, and the latter of the purer air of his times. The Sicilian is perhaps more coy and unaffected and graceful in his loves; the Englishman more passionate and chaste. What could be more passionately exquisite than that passage in "Maud," beginning:

"Queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out little head, running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun," etc.

While different, yet as beautiful in imagery and expression, are such lines from Theocritus as,

"To flit toward those lips of thine
I fain would be a swallow,
To kiss thee once, to kiss thee twice,
And then go flying homeward."

And, "Ah, light of mine eyes, what gift shall I send thee. The apple rots, the quince decays, and one by one perish the petals of the rose. I send thee my tears bound up in a napkin, and what tho' the napkin burns, if my tears reach thee at last?"

Something has already been said on the influence of Theocritus upon Tennyson. Many would attribute his powers of description and fine finish to this influence. Now to even a careful observer of the idyllic poems of the Laureate and the classic idyls, it is evident that there is a decided correspondence both in general tone and particular expression, and it is undeniable that Tennyson, early in his life, drank in deep draughts of classical, but especially of Theocritean verse. But both from his unclassical writings and from all the evidence of original power that he has shown, it seems juster to believe that these traits of his genius are rather parallel than borrowed.

None the less true is the fact that he has transplanted much from the old master to his idyls, and especially to the purely classical ones. This can be best shown by a few extracts. Take, for instance, the sweetly sad refrain in "Enone," "Dear mother Ida, hear me ere I die." This is copied directly from a refrain such as is found in Idyl II. "See thou whence came my lady love, oh lady Moon!" and throughout "Enone" there are many parallel passages; for example:

"Yet mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? Am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times."

And Theocritus XX:

"Am I not fair?
Hath some god made me, then, from what I was,
Off hand, another being?
Along the mountains all the women call
Me beautiful."

In the *Lotos Eaters*, one of the greatest of poems in form and finish, we find the same frequent coincidence, both with Theocritus and Moschus, but we must pass these by and illustrate the way in which Tennyson often improves on his model, by the following lines from Theocritus XXII and "Enid," respectively:

"His massive breast and back were rounded high
With flesh of iron, like that of which is wrought
A forged colossus. On his stalwart arms
Sheer over the huge shoulder, standing out
Were muscles—like the rolled and spheric stones
Which, in its mighty eddies whirling on,
The winter flowing stream hath worn right smooth,
This side and that."

And

"And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it."

These few and scattered quotations will show Tennyson's method of borrowing. He sees a fine thought or image lurking in the old Greek forms and idioms, and, taking it, he cuts and shapes it to modern taste. Emerson tersely describes this method when he says, "There are a great many ways of borrowing. *Genius borrows nobly.*"

So may all who love and cherish the spontaneity, the grace, the freshness of the last inspired Hellene, remember what service the last great English poet has done in interpreting and giving again to the world that spontaneous

freshness. So may those who honor and revere the long-loved Laureate's verse, chaste and true as a silver bell, remember what he owes to the distant bard who "being dead yet speaks;" and let these two names, the name of Theocritus, than whom "no man ever saw life with eyes so steady or so mirthful," and the name of Tennyson, who "stands serene above the frenzy of the storm," go down to posterity inseparably linked, and eternally immortal.

Charles Bertram Newton.

THE LAST RAY.

THE gleam of a dying sunset
Shone through the abbey old,
As the solemn tones of the organ,
'Neath the vaulted arches rolled.
It gilded the lofty chancel
And flooded the chapel dim,
While the nuns by the altar kneeling,
Chanted their vesper hymn.

The deep veiled nuns ceased singing,
As the last expiring ray
Gleamed full on the altar's motto
And silently faded away,
"Glory to God in the highest,"
And like an answer then,
Came the voice of the nuns from the cloister
"On earth good will toward men."

H. G. Murray.

THE FULLNESS OF LOVE COMES LATE.

MR. TWINKINS' "hired hand" rested his forearm along the handle of his hoe and gazed contemplatively at the superannuated form of his master, who was seemingly much occupied with the rose-bush in the front yard.

"Dog 'f I kin un'erstan' that ole ijut lately," said Bowlder, the "hand." Bowlder may have had another name at some earlier period of his existence, but if he had had, no one on the farm or in the vicinity of Plattville had ever heard or imagined such a thing.

"Been run'n' roun' 'ere like a reg'lar kittywampus. Don' seem to have even his own ole sense. Reached 'is secon' chileishness I reckon. Went an' bought a new hat! Him! What's he want of a new hat? Goin' roun' here talkin' to 'imself an' doin' nothin' but grin an' laugh. Actin' like a fool—look at 'im now, jes' only look at 'im," Mr. Bowlder addressed an imaginary companion, "look at the ole mule pullin' them flowers. What 'n the name o' sense 's he want with flowers?"

Mr. Twinkins' actions were certainly alightly extraordinary for a gentleman who had lived his eighty-two years in too purely practical pursuits to admit of his having had much thought or time for the purchasing of hats or the beauty of roses.

Mr. Twinkins had always been an admirable farmer. His first marriage had been contracted with a view to the improvement of the farm, as the long since deceased Mrs. Twinkins had brought him thirty acres of meadow land. When his wife died and left him a childless young widower, Mr. Twinkins had sincerely, but briefly, mourned her as a helpful woman and, eschewing sentiment, had devoted himself assiduously to the cultivation of his fields. Crops and hogs were his one occupation, and as for his lighter moments, the "Clark County Clarion," published every Friday night, constituted the sum of his amusements. This exciting

sheet, on making its weekly appearance, was greeted with grave pleasure by Mr. Twinkins, who would hunt, long and deliberately, for his spectacles, and after finding them thrust far back on his own head, would trim the lamp with an air of considerable importance, and proceed to read the stirring events of the past week, to Bowlder and "Miry, the 'girl.'" Miry was a girl of some forty-seven years standing and an admirable cook. She was always defined by Plattville as "girl for Twinkinses farm." Miry had never regularly been "set up with," or "kep' comp'ny with," but Mr. Bowlder was supposed to be "some took with her."

This supposed yearning of Mr. Bowlder's for Miry was evidenced by a certain tendency of Mr. Bowlder to hitch his chair "jerkily" but gradually very close to hers during the weekly reading of the paper.

Mr. Twinkins never seemed to notice this slowly accomplished conjunction of his two listeners, but worked painfully through the "Clarion's" items from "Hervey Johnson, our enterprising shoe and lamp dealer, has put up a new sign. This is a move in the right direction. Herve, keep it up," to, "Our genial friend Bob Hoskin's hogs got out last Tuesday and rooted up a fine bed of cabbage. Too bad, Bob," and appeared entirely unconscious of the fact that by the time the news was exhausted Miry's hand was usually resting in the ham-like palm of the gentle Bowlder.

For years and years Mr. Twinkins had pursued the even tenor of his way, unheedingful of all things but the season of the year and the weather.

When a man follows a certain set routine, even and monotonous, up to his eighty-third year and then suddenly introduces some extraordinary variations, it is small wonder that his observers should feel a certain amount of surprise.

The bewilderment of Mr. Bowlder, then, when he began to see symptoms of change in his master, was entirely justifiable, although it found vent in expressions not entirely complimentary to the old gentleman. This change in Mr. Twinkins was observable in peculiar mutterings, in odd

chucklings, and in what, now and then, seemed to be an actual twinkle of the eye.

Miry had seen him go to an old chest (said to contain garments of fabulous price, which Mr. Twinkins had worn in some remote age known as his youth), lift the lid thereof and gaze long therein. And then, to the entire amazement of Miry and Bowlder, he had gone to town and purchased a new hat! The thing that dumbfounded them, however, and utterly nonplussed them was the fact that the old gentleman had suddenly developed a tremendous admiration for Miry's rose-bush. "Him an' flowers! That ole mule an' roses!" had been their united expression.

And now, on Saturday afternoon, he was actually picking a half-dozen of the smallest and gazing upon them with what seemed to Mr. Bowlder an expression of immense imbecility.

Mr. Twinkins slowly approached the "hand," who, as his master neared him, industriously applied himself to his work. "Bowlder," said the old gentleman, "you an' Miry kind o' makin' up t' each other?" This somewhat abrupt broaching of a delicate topic only seemed to make Mr. Bowlder a trifle embarrassed. "Naw, reckon not," he answered, "I been thinkin' some 'bout takin' her, but I dunno," and the modest gentleman bent his strength to his hoe.

Mr. Twinkins chuckled a hoarse chuckle to himself, fingering over his roses in an absent way. "This 'd be a whoop-a-mighty good time o' year t' git married, I 'xspec'. Great jings, but a feller feels mighty young in this weather! Dog 't I don' b'lieve I c'd turn a somerset. This 'ere's time o' year t' be keepin' comp'n'y with a fine girl.

"Hey fer twankey didle um, twankey deedle um."

Here Mr. Twinkins cracked voice rose on the summer air in a wild and wierd strain—like unto nothing the favored Bowlder had ever heard before :

"Hey, oh, fer twinkle doole um, twankey doodle um,
Lurindy's come to town;
Sing on ye dancin' courtiers,
My love, go sit ye down.
Singin' hey fer twankey doodle um, twank—"

Mr. Twinkins had sung thus far when, with too great confidence in his knowledge of a forgotten art, and an over-belief in his untrustworthy limbs, he kicked his heels in the air and essayed to cut a pigeon-wing. His right leg performed its duty well, but his left, a rebellious and unfaithful member, refused to act in concert, and the aged gentleman came down in a tangle of currant bushes.

The countenance of Mr. Bowlder was not free from signs of fear as he assisted his employer to his feet and into the house. There Mr. Twinkins, ensconced in an easy chair by the window, still chuckled wierdly to himself and hummed fragments of extinct ditties, while Bowlder returned to his work, sadly shaking his head and with a countenance upon which great misgiving was plainly written.

That evening, about nine o'clock, Bowlder lay tossing in bed unable to sleep. The extraordinary behavior manifested by Mr. Twinkins worried him for awhile, and then a persistent mosquito sang about his ears, and Bowlder slapped himself wider and wider awake in vain attempts to destroy the sanguinary insect. At last he rose and went to his window. The trees and meadows slept beneath the great white moon. Over the fields hovered a misty haze. Intermittently from the branches of trees came the croak or flutter of some restless bird moving and talking in its sleep. The katydids and frogs monotonously cheeped and quirked. Bowlder started and leaned far out of the window. Through the "lonesome" noises of the night rose a cracked and quavering voice lifted in an eerie refrain—

"Then it's hey fer twankey doodle um, twankey diddle um,
Lurindy, she doth frown;
Sing on, ye dancin' courtiers,
Dance on an' bow ye down,
Singin' hey fer twankey doodle um, twankey diddle dee."

There, in the garden beneath, was the decrepit form of the ancient man endeavoring, with more success than had in the afternoon attended his efforts, to execute some caperish steps of an extinct dance.

The bell of Plattville court-house striking nine sounded far away, but clear and distinct through the quiet summer night.

"Gone plumb out 'is head; clean beside 'is senses," said Mr. Boulder. "Plumb gone lunatic; yessir, I'm dog 'f 'e ain' crazy 's a loon. Foolish 's the foolishes' 'skeeter 't ever lived. W'll, dern my skin! Out there in th' night air this time o' night, *singin'*!" Mr. Boulder shook his head with an air of dropping all responsibility for results, and threw himself upon his couch.

The next morning, contrary to Mr. Boulder's expectation, Mr. Twinkins did not exhibit any of the ill effects which might be expected as the result of his having been out of bed until so advanced an hour the preceding night. Instead of appearing unusually wan or pallid, he seemed almost rosy, and in an exceedingly jovial mood.

After breakfast he requested Boulder to come with him for a moment, intimating that he stood in need of that gentleman's help. Approaching the old chest in which the garments of fabulous price were supposed to be preserved, he drew therefrom and exhibited to the eyes of the uneasy Boulder a coat, waistcoat and trousers which gave off a pleasant odor of camphor and tobacco and which were of marvelous make.

Divesting himself of his outer garments, Mr. Twinkins proceeded to don those from the chest, with the help of Mr. Boulder, who kept murmuring sadly, with many head-shak-

ings, "plumb loonatic, crazy's a loon. Clean gone. Plumb out o' 'is head."

"Go easy with them air pantaloons, Bowlder," wheezed Mr. Twinkins, who had not managed to get into all of his attire without some rheumatic twinges, as the "hand" buckled the straps under the instep. "They're putty ole but I reckon they're putty good yit," he said, glancing down admiringly.

When his dressing was completed, the old gentleman stood forth a gorgeous, if somewhat unsteady, figure. The coat, which fitted him rather loosely and the tails of which hung down almost to his heels, had once been a brilliant blue. It was faded now, but still afforded a handsome background for the large brass buttons which decked its ample exterior. The trousers were rather tight, and, strapped down closely to the feet, they graced a pair of limbs whose original imperfections time had rather increased, and which sometimes exhibited a tendency toward shakiness.

"Bring the mare roun', Bowlder," commanded Mr. Twinkins, surveying his flowered waistcoat with great complacency as he gaspingly rested in an easy chair. "Bring 'er roun' an' put th' sof' saddle on 'er."

"Saddle 'er!" exclaimed Mr. Bowlder, "Saddle 'er! You ain' goin' hoss-back!"

"Yes, I'm goin' hoss-back," retorted the old man, "An' I want th' mare well curried and slicked up an' th' sof' saddle on. Ain' no reason fer my not ridin' 'cause I ain' rid fer a year or two back. Go 'long now, do as I tell ye." And Bowlder departed.

The task of getting Mr. Twinkins on old Biley, the gray mare, was not so easy as Bowlder might have wished, and the drops of perspiration stood out upon his manly brow before it was accomplished. Miry was pressed into service and stood on the right of the mare to counteract Mr. Twinkins' tendency to fall over upon that side as soon as hoisted up on the other. "'F I kin once git 'er stotted I'm all right an' soun' as a dollar," wheezed the equestrian,

and finally he was placed upright and fairly started on his way. He turned Biley's head toward town and trotted down the dusty road through the hush of the Sunday morn, not without many dangerous leanings and jerkings. The collar of the blue coat was so tall that the new hat seemed to rest upon it, and all that could be seen of Mr. Twinkins' head were his ears, which projected on either side. He presented a figure at once elegant and full of reckless devilry, which latter Mr. Bowlder must needs express some admiration for. "Well, in all my borned days I never seen the beat o' this. 'F this don' walk away with anythin' I ever see, dog me!"

"What I want t' know," said Miry, "Is where in the lan' 'e's goin' to. When d'e ever go to town on Sunday before?"

"Crazy, I tell ye," answered her companion, "Craziest dern loon 'at ever lived. Plumb gone."

About half of a mile out of Plattville, and consequently about half way from that enterprising village to the Twinkins farm, lived "the Widder Wimby." Mrs. Wimby, who was eighty-four years old, lived pleasantly on her comfortable little farm with her son John, a youth, unmarried, of some sixty-five summers.

The two watchers followed Mr. Twinkins with astonished eyes as the mare jogged down the straight white road and then turned in at the Wimbys' outer portals.

"Great lan' save me! The name o' mercy," cried Miss Miry, in a state of great excitement, "You know what that ole fool 's doin'? You un'erstan' what 'es up to? Well, as I hope to die a Christian!" With many other exclamations of a like nature she broke into a fit of laughter so loud and so prolonged as to cause some apprehension to arise within the breast of the tender Bowlder.

"I guess I know what's come over 'im! I reckon! You know whur 'e's went to? You want t' know what 'e's doin'? Gone in to court Widder Wimby. A widder-woman nigh on a hundred year ole! That's whur 'e's gone and that's what 'e's doin'. You kin take my word fer it!"

"Keepin' comp'ny with Widder Wimby. Well, I'll jes' be dern' to my cats! I never hear ner see the like, ner never will agin." And Mr. Bowlder went to sit on the barn-yard fence, ruminatively chewing a huge quid of "Star," and at intervals ejaculating, "Well, I'll be dog!" while "Miry" went to see to the chickens.

Mr. Twinkins, riding into the Wimby domains, espied the airy form of the widow seated beside an open window. While his heart did not exactly bound, nor his pulses throb, he certainly felt a queer sensation "up his back" as he painfully managed to slide down the glossy side of the peaceful Biley and hitch that calm-eyed beast to the post before the door. And there was some quite substantial cause for this spinal thrill. The ancient coat, the repository of a too fond trust, had ripped down the center seam. Unconscious of this fact, Mr. Twinkins found himself admitted to the presence of the fair widow. As it was a most beautiful day, of course the old lady sat inside the house. In a corner of the room sat her son John, spending the morning in carefully whittling a stick over the fire-place.

Mr. Twinkins' extraordinary appearance was a great surprise to both mother and son. A visit from him would have been odd enough in itself, but coupled with this wonderful raiment was a startling thing indeed.

"Hope I see ye well, Mrs. Wimby, widder," said the ancient man, advancing gallantly to take the widow's hand; "Hope I see ye well, John."

Mr. Wimby welcomed his guest with much cordiality and looks expressive of considerable curiosity. Mrs. Wimby looked upon Mr. Twinkins with open-mouthed astonishment, and failed to give vent to a syllable either of welcome or of wonderment.

"She's putty deaf," said her son apologetically, "An' she don' see well lately. Maw," he shouted, "Here's ole Mr. Twinkins, come t' see us?"

"I reckon I kin see that," answered the widow, having found her voice. "What's 'e want?" This remark was certainly to the point, but was somewhat disconcerting to Mr. Twinkins. He did not attempt to reply, but removing his hat, placed it on the floor close to a chair opposite the widow, and then sat down himself, all the while gazing steadfastly, though somewhat confusedly, at Mrs. Wimby.

Mr. Wimby seemed unable to collect ideas sufficient for either continuing a conversation so inauspiciously begun or for the beginning of a new topic, and resumed his place by the chimney, absently whittling and staring with all his might at the couple by the window.

Mr. Twinkins sat for some minutes looking at the old lady, who seemed in no wise disposed to open her lips, and presented quite the appearance of being carved out of wood. At last, after a pause which would have been painful to a sensitive soul, Mr. Twinkins threw his coat back and, fumbling in a cavernous recess of that rich garment, drew forth a bunch of roses somewhat damaged by assiduous concealment and tied around the stems with a green silk ribbon. He solemnly extended these to Mrs. Wimby with the remark, "Have some flowers, Mrs. Wimby, widder?" To which Mrs. Wimby replied, "I kin see 'im I reckon, myself. What's 'e want?"

Here Mr. Wimby came to the rescue; "Ole Mr. Twinkins 's brung some flowers to ye, Maw. *Flowers!*"

"I don' want no flowers," answered the aged lady, "Got plenty in th' front yard."

Mr. Twinkins was a man not easily daunted and a man of action. He leaned forward so as to be nearer the widow's ear, and in as loud a voice as he could muster he shouted, at the same time pressing the green ribbon gently but firmly into her hand, "I come to keep comp'ny with ye. I'm took with ye. I'm settin' up with ye." Then leaning back, still retaining the widow's hand, at great risk to the seams of his sleeve, he solemnly chanted:

"Then it's hey fer twankey doodledum, twankey diddledum,
Lurindy's broke in tears,
Weep on ye haughty courtiers,
An' rise your sinkin' fears,
Singin' hey fer twankey doodle, di diddle dee."

Mr. Wimby had turned to an ossified man and appeared to be in a stupor which gave signs of lasting throughout the period of his natural life, but the widow slowly, slowly relaxed her heretofore wooden-like visage. A smile seemed about to spread itself over her features; it did spread and weave itself all over the marks of wear that had lined about that once fair face. A gleam of love lit up that beaming eye, and that gentle hand was allowed to nestle restfully in the mellow palm of her admirer.

Why should we linger here? Why disturb the cooing of two turtle-doves? Why pry upon the wooing of two ardent beings? Let us leave them to themselves. Suffice it to say that the stupefied but tactful John got up and went out not to return till the noise of the front door opening warned him of the fact that he must assist the gallant wooer to his horse's back or leave his prospective father to the humiliating necessity of walking home.

That evening as Mr. Twinkins was about to retire he handed the blue coat to Miry, saying, "Miry, I reckon this 'ere coat o' mine got tore some to-day; I'd like to have ye mend it, an' git on your bes' clo'es, you an' Bowlder, to-morrow mornin' an' go somewheres with me." And a few moments later Bowlder and Miry, sitting together solemnly, for it was Sunday night, and that is surely the proper time for settin' up, heard the ancient lover murmur, in muffled but cheery tones, through the neckerchief he always wore about his throat at night:

"Then its hey fer twankey diddledum, twankey doodledum,
Lurindy's gone to mourn,
Howl on ye blithesome courtiers,
My heart is ripped and torn.
Singin' hey fer twankey doodle dum, di diddle dee."

Newton Booth Tarkington.

THE FOUR VOICES.

VOICE of the joyous morn,
Come from the gleaming borders of the east,
Cease chanting to yon lonely morning star,
And tell me what glad song the new day sings
Beyond those mist-robed hills. Tell me the song
With all its hope, but let it die away
Before its tones sink deep into my soul,
For thou art sweet, but fleeting, voice of morn.

Voice of the garish noon,
Come from thy haunts beside the stealing streams,
Or let me hear thee in the boughs above;
Tell me the secrets of the fainting fields,
And why the earth is silent at thy word,
As though in dread of some great agony;
But touch me not as thou hast touched the fields,
For thou art fierce and cruel, voice of noon.

Voice of the eventide,
Come from the lingering twilights of the west,
Gather the whispering cadence of the winds,
The swelling music of the distant sea,
The peaceful breathing of the sombre woods
Into one deep and solemn harmony,
And let me hear it, but in whispered tones,
For thou dost sing of death, voice of the eventide.

Voice of the silent night,
Come from the shadows of the star-crowned hills,
Speak thou to me, voice of eternal peace,
Tell me the music of the sleeping fields,
The solemn stillness of the waning stars,
The subtle influence of this voiceless calm.
And let thy music sink into my soul,
For thou art sweet and holy, voice of night.

William Ashenurst Dunn.

THE TOSS OF A PENNY.

WILLIAM DUANE DUNSTAN, attorney-at-law, was a typical man of the world. Using its own standard scales, society had weighed him well, and he had not been found wanting. His family tree struck its roots deep into the rich soil of a Puritan ancestry; his profession boasted no keener mind or readier tongue; in the ball-room no feet were nimbler than his, while those clear cut features and dark eyes were the envy of all the young dandies in the city; above all, Mr. Dunstan could count his millions,—at least his friends could, which amounts to very nearly the same thing.

Such a prize could not fail to attract the attention of all good match-making mothers, and many were the sieges laid to the proud citadel of his heart by these skillful generals and their fair forces. But in vain did they deploy and skirmish before that cold fortress. There were no signs of surrender or even capitulation. In fact "Billy Dunstan," as he was irreverently called in those happy college days, having quickly passed from college and law school, through the preliminary stages of drudgery, and having found himself, at a time when most men are but reaching the first steps, on the upper rounds of the ladder of success, had arrived already at that state of careless indifference which marks the man of modern society. Success, flattery, beauty palled on him. He met them all alike, with a cool and cynical disdain. He shone in business and in society, but it was with the cold white brilliance of the arc light; he had none of the warm tints of the sun. He was a product of the nineteenth century, not a growth of nature.

Now it happened—to the secret joy and open sorrow of his rivals—that Mr. Dunstan, for the first time in his life, fell ill, and for a time the balances of life and death hung at dead-lock. But, finally, life conquered, and he began to mend. It was during this period of

convalescence, when he was feeling even more disgusted than ever at his patron, the world, that Mr. Dunstan received a letter. Having read it, he chuckled, rubbed his hands together, winked, and, finally, laughed outright. When he followed the laugh by exclaiming, "I'll do it," it was presumable that he was about to perpetrate some vast joke. On the contrary he merely packed a valise, and took next morning's train for Owlsborough.

It was dusk by the time the late invalid reached his destination. Ten years had passed since he had last walked up that broad old village street to his grandmother's house. Perhaps the reality was not so amusing as the idea had been when it first struck him; it is easy to laugh at the quaint past from a distance, but face to face—that is different. At all events, he went slowly and thoughtfully, noticing the familiar country store with its group of loungers—just as he had last seen them, it seemed to him—and all the other familiar landmarks of his boyhood.

He had nearly reached the end of the village when he stopped, put down his valise, and looking from one side to the other in a bewildered way, exclaimed "Well, I'm stumped! It's one of those houses, but which? As his imaginary auditor gave no answer to this interrogation, after several more exclamations, forcible and otherwise, he finally assumed his customary air of nonchalance, and tossing up a penny, added "Tails to the left, heads to the right—heads she is." Once decided, Mr. Dunstan was a man of action, so he resolutely climbed the steps of the terrace on the right-hand side of the road, and walking up the path, rang the bell. He stood for a few minutes in a dreamy, thoughtful mood, when he was aroused by a light footstep, and before his dawning wonder at this circumstance could shape itself, the door was thrown open with a quick movement and a figure appeared, gave a cry of delight, and with a "Well it's about time, Tom," two little hands went up to his shoulders, and a pair of warm lips—

Now, Mr. W. Duane Dunstan was a society man, as has been said, from tip to toe, and it took a great deal to put him off his ease. But when a man is expecting a gentle greeting from an aged grandmother and an only less aged aunt, under such circumstances to be kissed by a swift apparition of beauty is enough to discompose a Beau Brummel himself. Mr. Dunstan, for the first time in his life, perhaps, was utterly dumfounded, and blushed like the veriest school boy. "I—I—beg your pardon—thank you—that is—ah—yes—I mean—that is, I think—there's some mistake," he managed to stammer out, after several ineffectual efforts at speech. But, instead of a graceful melting away on her part, and a hasty retreat on his, this witch, as he now seriously began to think her, only gave a merry laugh, and saying, "Oh, don't try any of your tricks, Tom," seized his hand and almost dragged him into a cheerful sitting-room, where a pleasant-faced middle-aged lady rose and was about to greet him, but the young lawyer interposed hastily, and with a little more self-possession, "Really, madam, there is some mistake; my name isn't Tom, and never was; it's Dunstan; I came out to see my Grandmother, and couldn't, for the life of me, tell the house (they're so much alike), so I got the wrong one, and I beg your pardon most sincerely for—not being the fortunate Tom," with a glance toward the apparition, but it had suddenly vanished. The lady smiled, "Old Mrs. Duane is a great friend of mine, Mr. Dunstan," she replied, "and I hope we shall soon become acquainted. You must excuse my daughter's impetuosity." To which he could only murmur, "Don't mention it," and bow himself out.

It was not very long before "our distinguished guest," as the *Owsborough Eagle* elegantly put it, had been formally introduced to the witch, whose name turned out to be Jean Somerton—a remarkably pretty combination, the lawyer thought.

She had blushed a little when they met for the second time, but there was just the slightest recollective twinkle

in her eyes as she "hoped he would excuse her rudeness" (a speech evidently learned out of filial obedience), and for the second time in his life he was struck with dumbness until he saw the twinkle dissolving into a smile, when he quickly recovered the art of speech. They soon became good friends, for Mr. Dunstan found a heretofore unexperienced pleasure in talking to this girl, who had all the grace and refinement of the city and all the simplicity of the country, who dared to make fun of him to his face, and who apparently cared no more for him than for the village doctor of fifty. This was a new sensation to one who had been bowed down to all his life, and it was exhilarating to his tired mind.

One question, however, troubled him, and the more he revolved it in his mind the more it agitated him. Who was this Tom, for whom he had been mistaken? His name was never mentioned nor alluded to. His grandmother knew of no one who could have filled the position which Tom seemed to have left vacant in the household. His aunt remembered a man having visited there occasionally, but he had boarded in the village. This only increased the mystery and strengthened the hypothesis which kept forcing itself into the lawyer's mind. And the more he entertained this hypothesis the more he hated the unaccounted-for Tom.

Once or twice in the course of conversation with Miss Somerton he had tried to turn its head in that direction, but with a woman's skill in tacking, she had veered off in a way which showed that she wished to avoid the subject.

So the weeks slipped by and the riddle remained unsolved. Deep down in his heart Mr. Dunstan felt there was a change; he looked at things now in a different light; perhaps his better self had been sleeping, waiting to be waked by a fairy touch. He felt that the time to leave was drawing near, and a great blank seemed to open after it; but the next moment he would think of Tom and exclaim to himself, "No, Will Dunstan, you're not the man to be fooled this way!"

But when the last evening came poor Will was sorely tried. They had been walking, and had reached the steps that led up to the old terrace. Somehow the resolution "not to be fooled" seemed to have slipped his memory. Turning abruptly toward her he held out his hand, and there was a light in those dark eyes, an expression in that handsome face which Miss Blanc of Fifth Avenue would have given much to see.

"Jean Somerton," he said, "I am going away, to-morrow. It's been only a month since"—"Since I mistook you for Tom," she broke in mischievously. Tom! The spell was broken. That word struck a chill to Will Dunstan's heart. The light faded from his eyes and she felt his hand relax. "Yes, and now I must say good-bye." He ended abruptly. A pressure of the hand and he was gone.

Mr. Dunstan plunged boldly back into his old life, worked harder, danced more and talked better than ever. Miss Blanc and the rest were all "so glad to see him back," and smiled and chattered as of yore. It was all very tiresome and insipid, to be sure, but he determined to endure it stoically. There was one comfort, he kept saying over and over to himself; he hadn't been made a fool of by that country girl, even if it was a narrow escape. But, considering the frequent reiteration of this remark, it is surprising how little comfort he seemed to extract from it.

One day late in the winter a gentleman, who at first gave the impression of being quite young, but whom a closer scrutiny showed to be well on in middle life, entered Mr. Dunstan's office to consult with him about the deeds to a large property which were being contested. After a short explanation the lawyer's keen mind took in the situation and he saw at a glance that he could make a good case for his client. After some further discussion the visitor rose, and as he did so, handed Dunstan his card, which read:

THOMAS ASHURST,

Owlsborough.

The lawyer flushed: "And this property belongs to —?" "Mrs. Somerton." The flush grew deeper. Hot thoughts came crowding up to his lips, and it was only by a great effort that he kept them back. His first impulse was to kick his visitor out of the office. Then the thought of "the vision," as he still liked to think of her, came up in his mind. "I will see you at ten to-morrow, Mr. Ashurst; till then, good morning;" and the astonished Mr. Ashurst found himself rather summarily shown to the door.

There was no more work in Mr. Dunstan's office that day. He had no doubt that this was "Tom," "probably getting everything in shape before the wedding;" and the thought nearly choked him. And yet here was a chance to be of service to *her*. All day the battle raged between his worse and better, his former and later self. Finally the unseen battle was won by that unseen influence. He had tried to forget *her*, and now when she seemed farthest away she had drawn him back again!

The case was a long one, but Mr. Dunstan and his client were finally victorious. The decision had been given, and on the face of the defending lawyer there was an absent look, a look that showed his thoughts were wandering, even while he smiled at the congratulations of the court. What did *they* know of the other victory it had required to win this one? Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder. "Dunstan, you have done us all a great service; you are tired out. I want you to come home with me for a couple of weeks. There's only my mother and step-sister, Jean." "What's that?" almost shouted Dunstan, jumping up and wringing Ashurst's hand. "Why certainly, thank you, I'll go with you." And Mr. Ashurst left him, shaking his head over the "sad eccentricities" of that young lawyer. That evening Mr. Dunstan chuckled, rubbed his hands and laughed outright some forty odd times. Next morning he and Thomas Ashurst took the first train for Owlsborough.

On the way "Tom" gave Mr. Dunstan a short history of himself, in which it seemed he had left home early, when

Jean was still young, had got into disgrace, and had in some way involved the property which had just been saved. Although in disgrace at home, he had promised to come back, in fact was expected back the very night on which Dunstan had arrived nearly a year before, but had suddenly changed his mind and vowed never to return until he had disencumbered the property. This was at last accomplished, and he was on his way home at last. This explained the silence which had so deceived the young lawyer, and he proceeded to tell his astonished companion of his own acquaintance with the Somertons.

As they walked up the dusky street, Will Dunstan thought of that other evening when his fate hung on the airy twirls of the penny. How his life had changed in that short year! But they were standing at the door now, and his heart sank like lead. He had not heard a word from her since that night they had parted; how could he tell—but listen! there was the same light footstep, and the door swung open. Somehow things seemed blurred for a moment—then he woke up. She was looking at him in a questioning, half frightened way. “Mr. Dunstan?” He held out his hand. His courage was fast going. “‘Tom’ has brought me back, and—may I come in?” He looked straight into her eyes—the frightened look melted, then suddenly the eyes grew tender and the dark lashes drooped. She did not take his hand, but he scarcely noticed it, for he knew what she meant when she answered “Yes.”

Charles Bertram Newton.

THE MELANCHOLY CASE OF MR. TIDBALL.

“WELL, Maria,” said Colonel Tidball to his wife one Monday morning, “I’m afeard, as I’ve told you before, that there’s not agoin’ to be a match made o’ this thing. Now, Maria, you don’t need to interpose. I’ve always said, an’ I know, an’ you know that I know, ’at Timothy is too down-

sperreted ever to get Simon Talcott's girl. An' when I see him losin' the best girl in Hampole, an' losin' all the family honor, you kin know how hard it is to stan'."

"Now, Thomas," answered his wife meekly, "I don't think you ought to be too hard on Timothy. I know he hain't got as much backbone as he might have, but you can't tell me that Timothy hain't got enough sense to see that Martha Talcott is worthy of him, an' of us, an' of you, Thomas Tidball."

"Well, Maria, who asked you to interpose? You talk as if I hadn't gathered up circumstantial and other evidence enough to settle the question. Now, I've seen more o' the world than you have, Maria, an' I know the signs of a man's disposition, an' I believe, as Dr. Fisher said the other day, that Timothy is 'pre-eminently melancholic,' an' if that hain't enough to keep him from seein' a good thing, I'd like to know what is."

"Well, Thomas, it may be so, it may be so. You've seen more 'an I have, 'an I suppose you ought to know. But Thomas, it's hard to give up the expectins of your only son."

"Of course it is," answered the Colonel; "but you've got to realize it sometime, Maria, for I know fully in my own mind, that he'll never get Martha Talcott, an' what's more, that he'll never be nothin' of the great man his father is, an' that we expected he would be. You may settle down on that, Maria."

The emphasis with which Colonel Tidball made his assertions and his repeated allusions to the depths of his insight, were no doubt the secrets of his position in Hampole. He was one of those officers who seem to flourish particularly well in the Southern air. Whether he had ever been to the war was a question. But even without that bit of charming experience, he had worked his way to the front rank of Washington county politics, so that now it was a sacrilege to mention the name of Colonel Thomas Tidball, of Hampole, save with the most due respect.

Timothy Tidball, the subject of the above discussion, by reason of his father's influence, was of course regarded as a young man of exceedingly bright prospects. Many a mother besides Mrs. Talcott had singled him out as a prize for any of their daughters who were fortunate enough to be under thirty, when, according to Hampole custom, the blooming young lady became suddenly transformed into a real "old maid." But, as the Colonel had said, Timothy did not seem to take kindly to the little hints thrown out here and there by the anxious mothers. Though that was not to be wondered at, for, as his father regretfully said, "Timothy was too down-sperretted to live," or, as the pompous little doctor put it, "pre-eminently melancholic."

The first exhibition of this misfortune was attended by peculiarly unfortunate circumstances, so far as the people of Hampole were concerned. It happened on Timothy's seventeenth birthday, when he was a "good chunk of a boy." The young folks were to give a play in the school-house, entitled, "The Turn of the Tide; or, The Reformation of Samuel Peters," and to Timothy had been assigned the rather difficult part of Mr. Peters. The performance had been faithfully practiced; there had been an abundance of coffee supplied to take the place of wine; the juice of polkberries sufficed to color the nose of the would-be reformed; and as a background was stretched the American flag. The flaming posters on the country roads, announcing that the magnificent drama, "The Turn of the Tide," would be given in Hampole school-house, etc., etc., and that Bud Templeton would furnish music on the fiddle between the acts, drew a large crowd.

The success of Timothy in the first two acts was unparalleled in the history of Hampole theatricals; and as the curtain fell, or rather was drawn, at the end of the second act, the interest was intense, and even the old folks, who always enjoyed the fiddling of Bud Templeton, were glad when the last strains of the "Mocking Bird" died away,

even though Bud had made the strings "quiver," a feat which no one else in all that part of the Cumberlands could do. The desperate gambler, in the person of Steve Townley, had posed in a heroic attitude, with a revolver pointed at his heart, ready to consummate the tragedy; and Mary Schaeffer, the deluded young woman, had her mouth open ready to scream with terror, and rush in and weep over the dead body of the unlucky Steve. All this was in readiness when it was suddenly announced that Timothy refused to proceed with the play.

"It ain't no use," he said, despairingly. "It would do no good. I tell you, it's awful to feel like I do. My friends," with a very solemn air, "I don't know, but I'm afraid I'm agoin' to die, an' I tell you I don't want to die under these circumstances. If you could see the black side of livin', as it seems to me now, you'd be mighty careful about what you was doin'."

"What, Tim'thy," ejaculated Steve Townley, "ain't you agoin' to go on with the business? What in the Sam Hill d'you mean, anyhow, stoppin' the whole concern this way? Get up an' shake yourself or there'll be an excitement here in a short time."

"No," said Mr. Tidball, sadly, "I couldn' do any good. I'm sure I w'd break down or somethin', an' I tell you I feel too responsible to go through murders and thievin's an' such things in my present state of mind;" and, deaf to all entreaty, Mr. Tidball absolutely refused to appear. So, after a few minutes' consultation, Steve Townley came before the curtain and, reading from a formula on the back of the book, filling in the blanks, announced that "Owing to the extreme illness of Mr. Tidball, it would be impossible to conclude the performance that evening."

The disposition which Mr. Tidball manifested at that time grew with his years. It affected not only his speech, his bearing in society, but even his physical appearance. His shoulders became stooped. He walked with a slouching gait instead of the bold and careless swing with which his

earlier acquaintances were familiar. His face assumed a weak and expressionless air; and his whole appearance was calculated to give an observer the impression that he was ready to die with *ennui*.

Mr. Tidball's conversation was an endless wail; an absolute despair in his own powers, which was fast growing into a doubt in the mental ability of all his acquaintances, took possession of him. "Timothy," as his mother had said one day, "Timothy, wake up; you've got plenty of brains if you only think so. Wake up an' be an honor to your family," which, by the way, was the great hobby of the good Colonel and his wife.

"No, mother," Timothy had answered sadly, "it ain't no use. I'm a lonely, desolate man. I've tried an' I've tried again, an' I can't do it; I don't know but I'm agoin' to die soon, anyhow."

And that conversation was repeated at least once a week.

No one ever knew why this change had come over Mr. Tidball. All sorts of suppositions were made, but the mystery was never explained. Yet, for some reason or other, the change had occurred; and, as we are not dealing with Mr. Tidball as a psychological study, it matters not to us how or why such a strange mental disturbance affected him. It is sufficient for our purpose that such was the case.

One day, however, about a year before the Tidballs came under the notice of the writer, good old Mrs. Tidball had inspired Timothy with a momentary resolution.

"My son," said she kindly, "your father an' me has been thinkin' what you ought to do, an' we've agreed that to sustain the honor of the fam'ly you ought to marry some fine girl, an' we've also agreed that there's no better girl in this town than Martha Talcott. What do you think about it, Timothy?"

"Well, mother," answered the melancholy Mr. Tidball, "I've been kind o' thinkin' about it a little myself, but I don't know. I'm sure it 'ud be an awful trouble to have a woman trailin' round after me all the time. It's such a bother, an' it 'ud make my life so gloomy. But if you

think I ought to git married, I 'spose I'll have to endure it all. But I'm liable to die any time, mother, an' then what 'ud be the use?"

But nevertheless, for some reason Mr. Tidball summoned up enough energy to visit the Talcott mansion. Nor did he stop with one visit. On the contrary, he spent many an evening there, until, at the time that the writer met Mr. Tidball, it was rumored about Hampole that Timothy Tidball and Martha Talcott were going to "jump the broomstick"—that is, as the little doctor classically said, "assume the holy bonds of matrimony."

Yet it was rather strange that Miss Talcott, the jolliest girl in Hampole, should be so taken with the ascetic and melancholy Mr. Tidball, if we may credit the statement of the Talcott servant: "He jis comes an' groans an' acts like 'e wuz a goin' to the funeral of his mother the nex' minnit. He sets there an' shakes his head at Miss Marthy's jokes, and looks like a faded punkin blossom."

But nevertheless he found more favor in Miss Talcott's eyes than Steve Townley, even though Steve could "keep up with Marthy in any jokin' crowd." It may have been the position which Mr. Tidball occupied by reason of his father's prominence, or it may have been the three good farms back of Hampole, to which Timothy was heir. But whatever the reason, it was enough in Steve's eyes that "that blame sickly, moanin' fool" was occupying a much higher position in Miss Talcott's favor than he, the "very life of a party," as a Hampole belle had confidentially told him. And to a person of Steve's fiery temper and reckless disposition such a knowledge was anything but pleasant.

On the morning of Mr. Tidball's twenty-third birthday the Colonel and his estimable wife were sitting in the back kitchen, thinking over the prospects of their afflicted son.

"Timothy told me yesterday," said Mrs. Tidball reflectively, "that he was goin' to ask Martha Talcott to-night."

"What!" ejaculated the Colonel, but, quieting his momentary excitement, he answered sneeringly, "An' did

you think he 'ud do it, Maria? Hain't I watched him for nigh onto a year now, an' don't I know how the thing's goin' to turn out? He'll never in the wide world, Maria, ever get that girl. You can just lay it down as a fact. The fam'ly honor an' all ain't enough to wake 'im up. You may as well talk about me goin' to the asylum as to talk about Timothy ever gettin' enough sense to see what's good for him and for the fam'ly."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mrs. Tidball humbly. "I think Timothy's been improvin' a little of late." But the Colonel only answered with a sneer.

The same morning Miss Talcott was sitting in her rocking-chair in the little front room, working some embroidery and singing a little melody from the old song "Dixie," while she kept time to the music by the beats of her foot upon the floor as she rocked back and forth. She may have been a little bit lonely, as Mr. and Mrs. Talcott were away on a three weeks' visit, but if she was, her face showed no sign, and she rocked on and stitched and sang and thought of Timothy.

Suddenly the frightened face of a little negro boy appeared in the doorway. "O, Miss Marfy," he almost shouted. "I'se got som'n to tell yu. I wuz walkin' down by the ribber las' night, an' I hurd big Steve an' de res' o' de fellers a talkin' 'bout what dey wuz goin' to do to Moanin' Tim'thy, an' I guessed I ought ter come roun' an' tell yu. They's comin' to-night when your folks is away, an' they's agoin' to take Tim'thy out o' de house when 'e comes to see yu, an' they's goin' to tar an' fedder him an' gib him a whalin', an' I guessed I ought to tell yu 'bout it, an'—an' that's all." And the little urchin disappeared as quickly as he came.

Now, such a startling announcement might have disturbed any less self-poised young lady than Miss Talcott. But a girl who has lived in the Cumberlands all her life, to whom family feuds and township brawls are everyday occurrences, is not, as a rule, troubled by such trifling incidents

as a tar-and-feathering. So, instead of wringing her hands and pacing the floor in an agony for the rest of the day, or spreading the news over town in the hope that some one would interfere—which, of course, no one would do, so much amusement being at stake—she merely smiled a little, settled back in the old rocker, and went on with her embroidery.

That night, just after sunset, which was the proscribed time for making calls in Hampole, Mr. Timothy Tidball knocked at the Talcott door. He was immediately ushered into the "best room" and ensconced comfortably in the easiest of the old family chairs—the heirloom of some four generations. Now, it is not in the power of any man, no matter how "melancholic" he may be, to be entirely unaffected by a conversation such as Martha Talcott was capable of; and Mr. Tidball did, in fact, seem to be slightly moved, but its manifestation was so faint that Miss Talcott was almost in despair.

Just as Timothy was waking up a little, a wild yell was heard from the front yard, in which the voice of Steve Townley was plainly discernible. "We want Tim'thy Tidball. We want the meanin' fool," cried the roughs, some of whom, out of a friendship for Boy Steve, were anxious to do him a favor, while the rest were moved by a spirit of wild deviltry. There were, perhaps, eight or ten in the crowd, and as the Talcott property was removed from the business portion of Hampole, in fact decidedly suburban, there was no great danger that any one would interfere.

Meanwhile, Miss Talcott was very cool. The noise increased in the yard. The assailants became more demonstrative. Fierce pounding came upon the door, while the threatening purpose of the intruders increased. But amid it all, Mr. Tidball sat like a stone. Utter despair was pictured in his face, as far as a vacant gaze can picture despair. Finally, he clasped his hands and said, resignedly, "Well, Martha, I suppose I may as well go. I feel that I'm about to die soon, an' it don't matter whether it's by tarrin'-and-

featherin' an' floggin', or jus' naturally. Good-bye, Martha. I hope you'll have a pleasant life in the world, an' a good husband. Good-bye!" And Mr. Tidball started toward the door.

"What d' yu mean?" said Miss Talcott, energetically. "Don't be a reg'lar fool. Wake up, an' hustle back through the garden to the stable, an' crawl under the hay. You'll be all right. But—" with a recollection of the three big farms to which Mr. Tidball was heir, "for the land o' mercy hurry up!"

"No, Martha, it ain't no use," answered the sad-minded Mr. Tidball, "it ain't no use. I might as well die now as any time."

But Miss Talcott with wonderful energy grabbed his arm. "Don't be a blame fool," she broke out. "Hurry, Timothy, hurry. Come along out to the stable and hide. For the love of all the saints, move yourself."

The desperate girl pulled him toward the back door, threw it open and jerked him into the air. "Oh, Timothy! help yourself, if you care anything for Martha Talcott. Crawl in the hay; see if you can do that much." And the poor girl, almost distracted with anxiety for the three big farms, pulled him into the stable, dropped him on the hay, and hurriedly threw some of it over him.

She had just reached the sitting-room and fallen into a chair when the crowd broke open the door. "We want Timothy Tidball. We want him, an' we're boun' to 'ave 'im," they cried in one voice.

"He ain't been here," answered Martha quietly. "He wuz to have been here this evenin', but he didn' turn up. I guess they are givin' him a birthday supper over at home. Is there anything I can do fer you?"

The only answer was a sheepish retreat through the door, many of them cursing Steve Townley "fer makin' so dern much trouble without any fun."

Meanwhile Mr. Tidball was lying comfortably in the hay. But though he was very calm outwardly, his thoughts were by no means so pleasant as he could wish.

"I wonder if it's any use fer me to get up?" he began. I don't suppose it 'ud do anybody any special good. Yes," reflectively, "it might, too. There's Martha in there by herself, an' she may be havin' some trouble. I wonder how she's bearin' up under this trial. I don't know but after all I've been makin' a fool o' myself, lettin' a girl pick me up an' carry me out here an' dump me in the hay. Maybe I'm not a goin' to die after all. I wonder if it wouldn't be a good thing to get married, anyhow. Martha seems able to tend to things. I've half a min' to try it."

In a manner which surprised himself, Mr. Tidball rose resolutely from his soft couch and stalked boldly into the Talcott sitting-room, where Miss Talcott was rocking quietly back and forth, and working her embroidery as if nothing had happened. Of course it is needless to state the result which followed. Suffice it to say that Mr. Tidball returned home that evening with a very determined mind. And to the anxious greeting of his fond old mother he only said: "I've asked Martha Talcott."

"Didn' I tell you so," said the Colonel, when he heard the good news. "Now don't interpose, Maria, don't interpose. But I thought it 'ud turn out this way all the time."

William Ashenhurst Dunn.

UNTIL DAWN.

WHERE the evening hymn of choirs
From within tall churches ring,
When cathedral bells are chiming
And their echoes skyward fling,
Through the rushing crowd at twilight
Flits a face with longing eyes,
And the light of evening dimly
On the wan, white forehead lies.

Where the rhyme and swell of music
That was made for dancing feet
Through the chill night air comes throbbing,—
Down the broad stone-paven street,
Past the richly lighted windows
Flies a face with yearning eyes,
And with lips that wistful tremble
As the music dreams and dies.

Through the city's depths at midnight,
In the glooms and evil maze,
Through the dingy, sin-stained darkness,
Through the black and darksome ways,
Through the blurred and shapeless shadow,
Flees a face at night's high noon,
With long hair storm-tossed athwart it,
Like a mist athwart the moon.

Where the tide runs out at morning
From the city, sleeping, gray,
With the waters wand'ring softly
Toward the lights of coming day,
Where the ripples splash and murmur,
Floats a face with peaceful eyes,
And the river bears it gently
Toward the eastern, fairer skies.

Newton Booth Tarkington.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

CATULLUS CL.

Brother, to thy tomb I come
Wandering over land and sea
With the last sad rites of death
To honor thee.

All in vain I cry aloud
Thou art deaf unto my plea
Since cruel fate has snatched thee hence
Woe, woe is me.

Yet I pray thee, now receive
What our fathers bade men give
As an offering to the dead
From those who live.

Take it moistened with my tears,
Wheresoe'r thou mayest dwell,
And with this gift, forever
Hail and Farewell.

Jesse Benedict Carter.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.*—In his bed of lace, with his eyes closed, lies the little Dauphin, whiter than the pillows on which he rests. One would think him sleeping, but no, he is not asleep. He turns toward his mother, and, seeing her weeping, says to her: "Madame the Queen, why do you weep? Is it because you think that I am really going to die?"

The Queen makes an effort to reply, but sobs choke her speech.

"Don't cry so, Madame the Queen; you forget that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die."

* From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

The Queen sobs still more loudly, and the little Dauphin begins to be frightened.

"Madame," he says, "I don't want death to take me, and I know well how to prevent his coming here. Order forty brave guardsmen to come at once and mount guard about my bed! Let a hundred big cannon, with lighted matches, watch night and day under my windows! And then woe to death if he dares to come near us!"

To please the young Prince the Queen gives a sign. Immediately one hears the great guns rumbling into the court, and forty tall guardsmen, halberd in hand, come and take their places around the room. They are old, gray-mustached veterans, and the little Dauphin claps his hands at seeing them. He recognizes one and calls: "Lorraine! Lorraine!"

The old soldier takes a step toward the bed.

"I love you well, my dear Lorraine. Let me look at your big sword a minute. If death wants to get me we will have to kill him, won't we?"

Lorraine replies: "Yes, your highness." And two large tears roll down his bronzed cheeks.

At this moment the priest approaches the bedside of the little Dauphin and begins to talk to him in a low voice, showing him the crucifix. The little Dauphin listens with a troubled air, and then all at once he interrupts him.

"I quite understand what you tell me, Monsieur the Abbott, but is it true that my little friend Beppo cannot die in my place if we give him a great deal of money?"

The priest continues to talk to him in an undertone, and the little Dauphin seems more and more disturbed.

When the priest finishes, the little Dauphin begins with a deep sigh: "What you tell me is all very sad, Monsieur, but one thing comforts me; it is, that up there in heaven, among the stars, I will still be the Dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and he cannot fail to treat me according to my rank." Then he adds, turning towards his mother: "Let some one bring me my best clothes, my doublet of white ermine, and my velvet slippers. I wish

to look well before the angels, and to enter heaven in the dress of a Dauphin."

For the third time the priest turns toward the little Dauphin and talks gently to him. In the midst of his talk the little Prince breaks in passionately: "It means nothing, then, to be a Dauphin!"

And without waiting to hear more the little Dauphin turns toward the wall and weeps bitterly.

Wm. H. Tower.

"HOME."—The *Etruria* lay at her pier ready to start. There was the rush and roar usual on such an occasion. Carriages were driving up, passengers were coming on board, and hand-luggage was being stowed away in the state-rooms. On the upper deck the cabin passengers were strolling up and down, or standing in groups giving their last farewells. On the deck below, the steerage passengers crowded to the rail, eagerly observing all that was going on; a few had friends on shore, and bandana handkerchiefs were waving, while adieus were being exchanged. Back of the throng, in a shady place under the turtle-back, was seated a white-haired old man, whose pale face and haggard form showed consumption already well advanced. A calm smile was on his face as he sat there on a cheap camp stool with his old carpet-bag at his feet. He was evidently alone, but occasionally some kind-hearted stoker or rough mechanic would speak to him as he hurried by. At last the second bell sounded, the planks were thrown off and the vessel slowly backed out into the stream. The old man rose and looked back with a distant look in his eyes, but he seemed not to regret the departure.

The pilot had just cast loose. On the upper deck chairs were being placed and rugs brought out, while old travelers had begun their promenade. Down in the steerage bundles were being stowed away, shawls spread on the hatchways, and the newly-bought tin dishes were being unpacked.

Hour by hour the long day wore away, the people on the upper deck began to study the steerage from their vantage ground, and soon their attention was attracted to the old man. Eight bells sounded, the steerage were sent below, the old man rose and tottered down with the rest.

Next morning a heavy sea was on, and the waves were breaking over the prow, and, though the cabin passengers were out, the steerage were kept below. All day long the old man lay still, not sick, but apparently weakening. A motherly Irish woman had taken him under her care, and his fellow travelers were as sympathetic as only the poor can be. A miserable day it was for all on board, except the weather-beaten sailors. Another bad night followed, but the next morning they were in the gulf stream, and the ship moved steadier, with only a long roll at intervals. Every one came out, even the steerage, and after two nights and a day below the fresh air seemed doubly pleasant. The old man was carried up and fixed in his chair. He thanked them by a smile and attempted to speak, but all they heard was a whispered "Home." He was paler now and thinner, and his eyes more sunken; his hands were tight clasped, and every lineament showed the will power that was giving him life. Some cabin passengers made up a purse for him and sent him rugs and cushions, and, little by little, he became the chief object of interest of all on board, waited on by people who on land would have laughed at such proceedings, but had now so little to do that anything was acceptable. The ship's doctor visited him, but could get nothing from him except that whisper, "Home." "Some poor fellow on his way to Ireland," he said. "I guess he will hold out till we land, but you can't tell," and then he hastened forward to continue his game of shuffle-board. Soon it became the first question in the morning how the old man was getting on. Every day his new-found friends brought him up and laid him in a reclining chair that some one had given him. He seemed utterly oblivious of all that went on around him, except to

be thankful for what was done for him. His whole being seemed to live in the future.

Then came the grand excitement; the search for land; some one thought they saw it; the old man heard the cry and, with an almost herculean effort, he sat up and gazed forward out on the ocean. Night came and still no land. Yet the old man continued feebly to make his preparations for landing. He smoothed his thin, white hair, and brushed his shiny black coat; his bag was packed and all was ready. But even this little exertion was too much and he was thoroughly exhausted by it. They gave him whiskey to keep him up, but, in spite of it, he seemed to be rapidly sinking. At last all were asleep except the watch and the men on the bridge. Silently and like a ghost the old man rose and crept out on deck, and then forward to the prow, beyond the anchors. There he sat and gazed longingly ahead, with his head resting on his breast, and murmured, "Home." The watch heard the sound, but thought it was only the wind in the chains. They found him there in the gray morning light. His face was turned forward and his hands were stretched out as though to grasp that which he so longed for. The same smile was on his face, only brighter than ever. That afternoon when they reached land, they took his body ashore and buried it in the little church-yard on the hill at Queenstown, beside the white barracks, in his own land, the land he had longed for so much.

Jesse Benedict Carter.

TIMMY NOONAN'S KID.—The "owl" locomotive had whistled the noon hour in Hocking mine. The rumble of the tram cars suddenly ceased and the tired mules stopped in their tracks. The little lights twinkled down the entries and flashed in and out like so many fire-flies, as the miners came from there rooms.

Timmy Noonan was the center of a jolly group of hungry miners, which had gathered in his room to eat their dinners. The clatter of the tin-buckets mingled with their merry laughter.

"Say, fellers," said Timmy, "did you see them bloomin' girls in the mine yesterday?"

"Now you're shoutin'," replied Bud Bradley; "you'd ought to see 'em dig coal." And Bud roared with laughter at the recollection.

"Yis an' it was a de'il of a gang," broke in Bill Larkin. "The ould man must o' brung down a hull famale cimitery wid him."

Timmy Noonan smiled contemptuously at this and startled the crowd by remarking:

"The boss come purty nigh t' gettin' kilt down at the new hopper yesterd'y."

"You don't say? I'll be blowed if I wouldn't like to see the ould man laid out," replied Bill, in his usual pleasant tones. "Indade, if I owned this mine, I'd pay dacent wages."

"As I wuz sayin'," continued Timmy, "I wuz workin' down at the new hopper. And the old man come down there with them girls and wuz a tellin' 'em all about it. You'd a died to hear him talk. He don't know no more about hoppers than this here lamp does about Sunday-school. The old man went down to the lower floor, where that wheezy little injine is. My boy, Patsy, was with the gang, and had been carrying the lantern in the mine."

"That's a smart kid of your'n, Tim," muttered Bill Larkin. "He can carry a lantern, can he?"

"As I wuz sayin'," said Timmy, "that injine ain't no good, and besides the fly-wheel ain't no mor'n five foot acrost. That old bloke, Jake Green, was runnin' it, and he don't know no more 'bout runnin' a injine than Bill Larkin does 'bout payin' his debts."

"Now you're shoutin'," yelled Bradley, while Larkin gave vent to his wrath by a series of more vigorous puffs at his pipe.

"You know how you have to start that injine," explained Timmy. "You have to turn on the steam and then give the fly-wheel a start. They wuz all standin' 'round, watchin' Jake tryin' to start the thing. He'd put his shoulder to the wheel, and when it started he'd have to get out of the way mighty quick, or it would have ketched him like a buzz saw. The injine 'd go like lightnin' fur about a minit and then stop all of a suddent, like a balky mule. Jake tried it five or six times, but the wheel wouldn't keep on goin'. Finally, the boss said he'd show 'em how to do it. He motioned to Jake to turn on the steam and then hove away at the wheel. It started and the old man kinder lost his balance. There he wuz, hangin' right over that buzzin' wheel. I wuz that scared I wuz weak. The girls all screamed, and Jake didn't have sense enough to turn off the steam. I 'spected to see the old duffer torn to flinders. But my boy, Patsy, knew what to do."

"Now you're shoutin'," interrupted Bud Bradley. "Your kid pulled him out'n the way, didn't he, Timmy? If he hadn't a done it there wouldn't be enough left of the old man to have a funeral."

"Well, the blamed old fool ought to have more sense than to monkey with a fly-wheel," growled Bill Larkin.

"Them girls made more fuss over my boy Patsy," said Timmy, "they made a reg'lar king out'n him. Well, as I was sayin', he wuz the only one in the gang that had any sense."

"Now you're shoutin'," repeated Bud, "but there's that infernal whistle; I guess we'll have to go to work again."

The mine cars began to rumble. As the "owl" screeched again, the little lights in the miners' caps receded down the entries and disappeared one by one in the darkness.

Marshall Harrington.

THE JURY SYSTEM AT BROOKVILLE.—Mrs. Blair, of Brookville, was certainly very young and very pretty to be a widow. At least, so thought Charlie Burke, the brilliant young lawyer of the little town. Nor was he alone in his opinion, for Phineas Bupp agreed with him in every particular. Indeed, it was only natural that a widow of such personal charms, and withal, possessing such a neat little fortune, should have an abundance of suitors. And such was in fact the case, or rather, had been a year or two before, for now they had all fallen away through lack of encouragement, save the two gentlemen whom we have just mentioned.

Charlie Burke, the young lawyer, had been for some time enamored of the lady in question; and he was not entirely without hope that his affection was in some degree returned, though, of course, of that he could not be absolutely certain. For he had learned already that widows, through their experience in affairs of the heart, are even more fickle than others of their sex. And, besides all this uncertainty in the widow herself, there was that most obstinate of rivals, Phineas Bupp, the principal of the town school, and most devoted of admirers.

Now every pretty woman likes devotion; and the pride of having the intellectual Hercules of Brookville at her feet, spinning out Latin odes and Greek lyrics in her honor, was likely to affect many a firmer-minded woman than the little widow. So she smiled on Phineas and treated him with almost as much favor as Burke; for she enjoyed all his little condescending compliments and the envy she excited by having such a renowned scholar at her feet. Indeed, young Burke often thought that she secretly preferred Bupp, for all his witticisms and extravaganzas were unable to make her forget the pride she felt in the conquest of the schoolmaster.

On this particular afternoon Charlie was unusually discouraged, for the evening before he had met with the coldest reception at the little widow's which he had yet experi-

enced. He walked down to his office, opposite the little brick court-house. As he sat there, thinking remorsefully of Mrs. Blair, he heard a thundering knock at the door, and in came his jolly old friend and college chum, Tom Marshall, who had come down for the June session of court, which was to open the next week. It took very little conversation to convince Marshall that something was radically wrong, and, with a little tact, he soon found out the whole story. But, instead of being seriously affected, he only answered cheerfully, "Don't be down-hearted, old fellow, you're all right; all you have to do is to get rid of that confounded pedagogue in some way, say for a week or two, and then I think you could go in and win the widow, hands down. All's fair in love and war, you know."

"Yes, I think you're right," said Charlie, in a manner, perhaps, not so very modest, "But the trouble is, *how* to get rid of him. We can't settle him as Brom Bones did Ichabod Crane, or as they do out in Montana."

But after a little thinking, Tom answered:

"I see you are going to have a murder trial next week, here."

"Yes, a farm hand, who is said to have jabbed his master with a pitchfork. Evidence is all circumstantial, though. It will take a week to finish it up."

"Are you engaged as counsel?"

"No, I will have nothing to do with it."

A roguish light twinkled in Tom's eye. "You don't suppose we could get the schoolmaster on the jury, do you? You would then have a week at least in which he would be out of the way."

"By Jove, the very thing," cried Charlie. "You're a genius, Tom. If we can only do it," he murmured under his breath.

Next Monday court convened. The town was full of lawyers and witnesses, sheriffs and jurymen; for this was the great season of business and trade in Brookville. The murder case was the first one to come up. A list of tales-

men was made out and summoned, and when the jury was sworn in, the name of Phineas Bupp was among them.

On Friday evening of this same week Mr. Phineas Bupp was sitting in the uncomfortable barracks which the court had provided for the jury, reading the *Daily Evening Flash*. Suddenly he gave so violent a start that his chair went over backward. He got up again in a rather surprised manner, and holding the paper at arms length, gazed at a particular column with doubt, fear and consternation depicted on his countenance. This is what he read: "We are permitted now for the first time to announce an event which we have been looking for for a long time. We refer to the engagement of Mr. Charles Burke, one of our brightest and most enterprising young lawyers, to the beautiful and accomplished—"

But here the rest of the column had been cut out by the sergeant, for the paper on the reverse side contained news of the trial, prohibited to the jury.

Perhaps Charlie Burke was a little afraid of the consequences, when Phineas would be released from his duties as juror, should he find out the joke. Or perhaps he thought it was too good to keep. At any rate the next evening he said to the little widow: "I have something to confess to you. You shall be my jury, and when you have heard my whole plea of defense, be so kind as to render a verdict in accordance with the facts." But when he had finished his confession, and stood awaiting her answer, she only looked up into his face and said, softly, "Not guilty."

C. Waldo Cherry.

THE LAST REUNION.—The class of 184— had been a long-lived one, but now they were rapidly dropping away one by one, and when Henry Winslow landed one stormy night in his native land, after many years of wandering in foreign lands, an old and tottering man, he felt a pang of loneliness when he remembered that he was the last of his old class.

As he sat in his room at the hotel that night listening to the patter of the rain-drops on the window, he fell to thinking of the dear old class. It was many years since he had seen any of his classmates. He had not been at any of the class reunions that they held every ten years for some time, owing to his absence abroad. Then he fell to calculating when the next reunion would come. With a start he found that it would fall on the morrow. He thought, with a sigh, what a jolly time they used to have at those reunions, talking over their old college days and experiences. But to-morrow no one would be there. The old reunion hall would be empty and still—unless—why not? Who had a better right? Yes; he would go down to his college the next day and hold the reunion—alone.

He went hastily to bed, but it was long before he fell asleep, and when he did his slumbers were troubled and broken by dreams of the past.

The next morning found him rushing swiftly along in the cars towards the old college town. He took a childish pleasure in counting the mile-posts as they flew by, and telling himself that he was a mile nearer to the old place. A wave of conflicting emotions welled up within him when he heard the brakeman call out the familiar station. He laughed joyously, and felt as if he was a "jolly, rollicking student" once more, such a student as he had been fifty years ago.

He stepped lightly up the broad flight of steps to the campus, just as he used to do when returning from vacations. But his breath forsook him and his steps tottered, as he gazed blankly around. Yes, even it was changed. On all sides of him massive piles of masonry rose, towering in the air, where the little old brick dormitories used to be in his day, with their cozy porches. These buildings, he thought, had a cold and gloomy air about them, as they looked frowningly down on him. For a long time he wandered aimlessly about among the new and unfamiliar scenes, vainly seeking some of the old landmarks. But they were

gone, all gone. He heard a bell strike for the different classes, but it was not the bell he used to hear. This one had a mocking clang to it, that sounded in his ears, "old—man—old—man—old—man," as it swung to and fro. Everything was changed. Even the little stone chapel that used to stand on the top of the college hill was gone, and in its place a large, handsome brown-stone one reared its lofty spire.

Tired and overcome, he sat down on a bench and watched with wistful eyes the students coming and going. Some of them stopped and looked curiously at the old man, as he sat there with bowed head. To him they seemed to assume the forms of his former friends and classmates, and more than once he found himself eagerly watching a game of ball, and mentally comparing the boys with those of his day. He remembered they used to play in front of the recitation hall behind the hill. Maybe that was left yet; he would go round and see. Hastily rising he tottered round the hill. A mist came over his eyes, for there stood the old building just as it had when he was a student. With a trembling hand he pushed the door open and entered. As he did so he instinctively took off his hat as he used to do when he saw "Old Myron," as they called him, the Professor.

The setting sun threw long rays through the narrow window panes and flooded the hall with light. One ray fell on a seat—No. 37—his own seat. With a little cry he tottered towards it and sat down. As he sat there swift memories crowded upon him thick and fast. Here deep in the arm of his chair was carved his initials and his year. There was the seat Joe Howell sat in, and there Bob Herring's. Bob and he had been chums in college, but he had been dead for many years now, and a host of others. Everything was the same, even to the large blot on the wall, that was made the day he and another fellow had upset an ink bottle in a playful scuffle. He remembered with a smile the Professor's reprimanding him for it.

A host of familiar and forgotten faces came thronging to him. His head fell silently on his breast.

Suddenly he awoke with a start. There, as of yore, sat "Old Myron," and there, trooping in, was a class—his class, for was not that Jeb Brown's jolly face? And there was Percy Baldwin and Van Brunt, and all the rest of them—bubbling over with life and fun. Suddenly the bustling ceased, "Old Myron" was calling on some one to recite at the board. With a start he heard his name called. He jumped to his feet and walked firmly to the black-board, and turned to enunciate. There before him sat all his boyhood friends smiling kindly at him as they used to years ago. Something blurred his sight and the room swam before his eyes, he tottered and fell——.

The janitor, coming into the room an hour later to close up for the night, stumbled over the form of an old man lying at the foot of the black-board.

On his face was a smile—a smile of peace and quiet. The class of 184— had held its last reunion.

H. G. Murray.

PHYLLIS.

Gently tripping, lightly skipping,
Laughing Phyllis passes by;
Nothing heeding, she is reading
What the clouds say in the sky.

Near the path a briar bending
Hangs unnoticed with its thorn,—
Till a little cry arises,
For the soft white hand is torn.

Slowly tripping, scarcely skipping,
Weeping Phyllis passes by;
Nothing heeding, fingers bleeding,
Little cares she for the sky.

Loren M. Luke.

EDITORIALS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE editors take great pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. Lee Montgomery, '93, of Missouri, as Treasurer.

The following prizes are offered by the LIT. Board for the ensuing year. Competition will be open to all undergraduates, and the prizes of the value of \$10 in each case. June, Sketch of Princeton Life; November, Essay; January, Story; April, Poem.

All contributions must be handed in by the dates posted from month to month, in order to facilitate the more prompt issue of the magazine. There has been complaint in the past of the way in which articles have been indiscriminately "hashed" by the autocrats of the sanctum; this we believe to have been to some degree just, and, in order to meet our contributors half way and to stimulate more work, an opportunity will be given to those whose articles are received on probation to correct their own work whenever, in our judgment, that work requires any considerable alteration. This will not, we hope, put any premium on careless writing. Its sole object is to help men in lines where they are weak, and to avoid the obvious injustice of arbitrary correction by the editors. If it fails of this, the experiment will be abandoned.

THE "DAILY PRINCETONIAN."

THE Ninety-Three Board of the *Princetonian* has taken a step which is thoroughly in keeping with the progress and growth of the college, and for which it

deserves the heartiest support and encouragement. Five years ago a "Daily," would have been an impossibility in Princeton—to-day it is a necessity, and the time could not have been better chosen to make this change in the hitherto sufficient tri-weekly. We welcome the "*Daily Princetonian*," therefore, most heartily, and wish the new Board the best success in an enterprise, attended as it is with much additional labor for themselves, which will bring credit to the paper and the college. As to the paper itself, we would have wished that the old simplicity of heading had been maintained, as better befitting its general character than its new Teutonic head-dress, but the other changes—the abandonment of literary criticism and the enlargement of the calendar—are decidedly for the better. In respect to the general quality of the new venture, it is, of course, too early to judge fairly. It would be strange indeed if some crudeness did not occasionally creep in, if the spreading of three days' news over the space of five did not occasionally somewhat dilute that news, but we believe that in the end our contemporary will thoroughly vindicate itself even in the eyes of the most critical, and will take the place it will deserve at the head of college newspapers.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THE attention of our readers is called to a department of the LIT. which, in spite of its intrinsic merits, sometimes receives less notice than it deserves—a department for which we may claim, without any violation of modesty, some of the highest qualities obtaining in prose writing. For wealth and variety of information, for brevity and conciseness of style, it stands without a peer among its fellow divisions of the magazine; not only is this the case, but its importance is witnessed to by the fact that whatever be the position of the other departments, this one is the *sine qua non* of our existence. We refer thus to our Adver-

tisements with all seriousness, not only because their compilation has been a serious and laborious task, but because we believe that if brought to notice they may be used to the utmost advantage. Turn to the Index of Ads., and whatever concerns business or necessity in the neighboring cities and in the town will be found represented there. Nothing could be more compact or convenient as a guide to the different sorts of buying college men do. Our advertisers are of the best class, and Princeton patronage should go to Princeton supporters.

PROSPECTIVE.

WITH the present issue the LIT. enters upon its second half century, and the new board takes the helm with a double sense of responsibility laid upon them by both past and future. There is no doubt that the LIT.'s late years have been progressive to a remarkable degree. Not only in size and make-up, but in tone and quality, it has been entirely metamorphosed. Let us hope it has left forever behind it the chrysalis of "boyish erudition;" that it is emancipated once for all from the sway of Mr. Dryasdust. Assuming that such a consummation has been reached through the wide-awake policy of the last few years, it remains for us to continue, with what sympathy and ability we may, in the course already so well marked out; if we fail it will be from lack of power, not of purpose.

The function of the LIT. we conceive to be twofold. To represent the *literary* side of Princeton life, and to furnish a *readable* as well as representative magazine. The utter ignoring of the latter function, or the giving too great prominence to the former, has been the difficulty heretofore; the entire absorption of the more solid part in "light reading" the danger at present. Between Scylla on the one hand and Charybdis on the other, we shall attempt to steer a safe middle course. No long dissertation can better express our

views or more distinctly outline our policy than the three words italicised above. Without any change in the individual departments, our object and endeavor will be to make the LIT. not only *literary*, but *live* and *readable*.

So much for our own plans. Although the management of the '92 Board needs no praise of ours, we cannot refrain from a word of appreciation of the skillful way in which they have followed out the lines indicated in their opening number. The Literary Editor has fulfilled the promise to be "literary, without being bookish or airy"; the Gossip has been free yet not familiar, dainty yet not insipid; the Editor's Table has borne better viands than mere dusty volumes; the Editorials, Book Reviews, and Contributor's Club, have each been managed with discrimination and judgment. Of course some numbers have fallen below this standard,—the poetry has on the whole been meagre and the fiction at times unnatural,—but on the whole we most heartily congratulate our predecessors.

And so we make our bow—a bow of greeting and a bow of parting. We have said our say. With your help, friends, we hope to live up to our professions.

GOSSIP.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
 "To talk of many things,
 Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax
 And cabbages and kings."

—*Lewis Carroll.*

Yo' eatin' yo' white bread now.

—*Negro Song.*

THIS surely is the *debut* time of year in Princeton. New boards are budding with the blooms of spring, and tennis trousers match the snowy purity of the apple-blossoms. We make our bow, a humble one and low, to you, sirs, as the young leaves are gathering their first strength and go anxiously to press before the youth of the village gathers the first touch of remorse over unripe fruit. We wave farewell, regretfully and with many grateful remembrances, to the retiring board, and envy them their ease of thought and good work done.

These are our best days. The last term of the year at Princeton is a thing all the world would envy if it knew the facts of the case. "Facts" is a hard, dry word to use in such a connection. We do not care for facts or statements or statistics or anything of that nature at this season of the year. What we want is to "lie around and let things come as they will;" to loaf on porticos and hear the twittering twank of banjos; to browse about in the grass o' nights and hear the Seniors singing; to smell the morning odors of coffee and steak and saunter down to breakfast leisurely and flannel clad; to watch the smoke-wreaths float away and fight shy of apprehension as to exams.

The place to walk in the fall is out Nassau street to the Prep. school, and the proper time to walk that way is to arrange to turn for the home stretch just as the dark grows stronger than the light; then you get the mysteries of the dusk and twilight to charm your homeward way. This may not coincide with the views of lads who float out that way with hopes of more substantial beauties to charm the homeward road, but we venture it as a suggestion for shy youths.

The place to walk in the spring is anywhere and the time is anytime.

I strolled down McCosh walk during the moony time of evening a few nights ago, and rounding down to the lower part of the campus ran across the ghost of Aaron Burr. He was leaning pensively against the trunk of an old elm, wrapped in his mantle, and apparently buried more in thought than in his grave, where he should have been.

"Howdy, General," I said.

"I agree with the late Matthew Arnold," said the shade; "the lack of reverence in Americans, especially in young Americans, is a National

curse. I have seen worse than you, my lad. There are men on this campus who would speak familiarly to St. Peter himself, and after a week of acquaintance with him would probably stand under the pearly gates and send up a long drawn yell of 'Hello-o-o-o Pe-e-e-te!' when they wished to communicate with him. *This* is the manner we used when meeting a friend, in my day, here:" Here Aaron took off his hat with a flourish, placed his left hand upon his heart, and bowed low.

"May I inquire, General," I asked, "how you happen to be here?"

"Ah! I see," answered the shade, in the modern spirit of interview. "I am here as a sort of forerunner of many troubled spirits who are on the way."

"What is your proper abode? Are you, when at home, in the realms of the blessed, or are you er—er—?"

"Yes; I am the latter. I am always in Princeton for awhile before examinations and during them. You know what this is during that period. I love the campus though. I like to be out here when the moon is shedding—"

"Moulting, General!"

"No, sir; shedding her refulgent beams. I perceive you are a frivolous-minded person. You are a type of the modern boy. That is all, Adieu, sir."

The lights are not lit now till late. There is so much of nothing to do and so much loafing to get in. Only the few hard-working (so originally constituted) men are busy. These are the obdurate who-will-be-heard-from sort.

There is a charm about Sunday afternoon chapel that is wanting to the regular week-day. The light filters in through the stained-glass windows, and though the light filters in faster than the students do, a great many men like to go and enjoy the sensation. The seniors look very knowing in caps and gowns. The coquettish ones are easily distinguished by the angle at which they tilt their mortar-boards as they come up the walk. There is a pleasant, clean-shaven, trim air about the youths who gather at the portals and slowly file in, that is a consistent accompaniment to the bright calm of Sunday afternoon.

There are only a few more of them left—these Sunday afternoons. They are a choice lot, however, and they ought to be as beautiful for '92 as Nature, the Faculty and the under-graduates can make them. The last few weeks of college will be even better remembered than will the first. The time for good-bye has not yet come—that will be done huskily at the Junction.

"Sweet sirs, we love you as ourselves,
God grant you merry times ahead."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE new occupant on his accession to the Table at once proceeded to examine with great care its four rickety legs and finally, with no little hesitation, concluded that they might, with the aid of a few braces, be made to support their burden for another year. Then having emptied the contents of the drawers into the waste-basket, and having scraped off, with a so called paper-cutter, the mucilage daubed on the Table by former editors, he sat down to business. Dipping the stub-pen up to the handle in the blackest of black ink, he meditated long and seriously as to what should be his first topic. With the unsoiled page before him, the Managing Editor behind him awaiting the result of his labors, and for all he knew, the ghosts of former distinguished occupants of the Table looking over his shoulder, it is no wonder that he felt some trepidation. But there is a mountain of encouragement in a stub-pen. You may start out with a hand tremulous and shaking, but by the time that you have made a few thick, black strokes at the head of the page you begin to pluck up courage and mentally exclaim that the first sentence isn't such a bad attempt after all. But all this is in the nature of a confidence and has nothing to do with our subject.

I might have placed a quotation from Walt Whitman at the head of this department, but was restrained from doing so by failing to find anything in his writings which would have enough semblance of poetry to deceive the ordinary reader. It takes a long and arduous training and a great deal of faith before one can take up the "Leaves of Grass," and feel that he is reading poetry. I, for one, am forced to confess that I have never reached that high stage of literary education. Open Whitman's writings wherever you will and your eyes will meet a jargon of rhymeless, metreless stuff which has no precedent in either ancient or modern poetry. Of euphony, of graceful expression, of artistic beauty, of the other charms of poetry, there is scarcely anything. It is true that, here and there, at rare intervals, there may be found a poetic image or figure, but hundreds of volumes of prose are just as plentifully besprinkled and yet retain their prose character. Whitman's admirers claim for him the title of the "Poet of Democracy," asserting that his rough-hewn writings embody in their barbarian grandeur the unfulfilled yearnings and the aspirations of our new civilization. They argue that the poet of the future will not be under the necessity of using the ordinary artistic embellishments of verse, but will pour forth his inmost soul regardless of the form which his utterances may take. They install Whitman as the first great pioneer of this new school. Truly they have shouldered an herculean task in attempting to put him among the immortals! It has been the experience of the world, up to the present time, that

poetry has been accepted as such only when embodied in artistic expression; and it must needs take much time and patience to convince it that the modern tendency is a direct reversal of those conceptions which are embodied in the writings of Tennyson and Lowell—two of our most modern poets.

Whitman has never been an important factor in our literature, and we believe that the praise which he is now receiving in some quarters is merely the result of a temporary interest excited by his death. The "Leaves of Grass" has remained for years unread on the shelves of our libraries, and when the present fad has died away it has the promise of a still longer oblivion.

THE MAGAZINES.

In the *Atlantic* for this month appears the first installment of the Emerson-Thoreau correspondence, edited by F. B. Sanborn. This series promises to throw valuable light on the character of these two great New Englanders. "A Cathedral Courtship," by Kate Douglass Wiggin, is a bright and amusing story, and is the best that we have noticed in the *Atlantic* for some time. In "A Plea for the Serious," an unsigned article, the writer deplores the present frivolous tendency of our humor. There is much food for consideration in the following extract: "We are loath to do our own thinking; hence, we are overrun by a host of little books, native and foreign, witty and graceful as you please, to tell us how little there is in the big books on grave subjects which a few people still write, but nobody reads. In poetry, fugitive pieces and *vers de société* are the order of the day; in fiction, the short story is ousting the novel." "Private Life in Ancient Rome," the first paper of a series, gives an interesting picture of the domestic life of that great city. Other articles in this number are: "The Present Requirements for Admission to Harvard College," by Prof. Greenough, and the "Slaying of the Gerry-mander," in which the writer points out a grave political evil and suggests a remedy.

The first number of the *Cosmopolitan* under the editorship of Mr. W. D. Howells, meets with our most sanguine expectations. It would be hard to imagine a more daintily illustrated magazine than the one before us. The frontispiece is a portrait of Lowell, and on the opposite page is one of his poems, "The Nobler Lover." Henry James contributes an appreciative little paper on the late Wolcott Balestier, the collaborator of Kipling in the "Naulakha." "School, College and Library," by Col. Higginson, a paper on education, as its title implies, seems to us scarcely to come up to the writer's usual standard. Sarah Orne Jewett, in "The Passing of Sister Barsett," works up a bit of New England life as only she knows how to do. "Anaph," by Frank R. Stockton, is a humorous story, portraying a New Jersey village courtship. "When Through Feast Litten Halls," a poem by John Hay, is especially noticeable for that

delicate sentiment of which our magazines know too little. Only to name some of the other articles in this number will make one desirous of perusing it. There is a story by Hamlin Garland, entitled "At the Brewery." Theodore Roosevelt writes on the "Merit System in Government Appointments." The number concludes with a farce called "Evening Dress," by Mr. Howells.

Scribner's opens the May number with the second article in the series on "The Poor in Great Cities." Mr. Jacob H. Ries, the author, is evidently well acquainted with the street gamin, and gives an account of them, revealing the humorous and pathetic sides of their life. "Rapid Transit in Cities" considers a problem which up to the present time has never received an adequate solution. Paul Lindan contributes "Unter den Linden," a half descriptive, half historical account of Berlin's famous street. It is seldom that we get such a piquant and spicy set of sketches as Robert Grant has drawn in his "Reflections of a Married Man." A well-written and pathetic little story is "France Adorée," by Ida M. Tarbell. Prof. N. S. Shaler, in "Sea and Land," gives a scientific though popular account of the action of the sea on its shores. The series of articles on "Paris Theatres and Concerts" is concluded in a paper which tells of the theatre-going habits of the Parisians, symphony concerts and other matters of interest. To our mind one of the most attractive features of *Scribner's* is the department headed "The Point of View," in which literary and current topics receive a keen and racy treatment.

The *Century* reaches our office a little later than usual this month, but it is well worth the waiting. Emilio Castelar, the famous Spanish orator and statesman, begins a history of "Christopher Columbus." This life of Columbus, written by an author of known reputation, will undoubtedly be the authoritative life of the great navigator. "Captain, My Captain," a story by Wolcott Balestier, tells of a woman who strove, with the aid of a devoted foreman, to carry on a newspaper which she received from the hands of her dead betrothed and which she felt she ought to manage as a sacred trust. Mary Hallock Foote begins a serial, "The Chosen Valley," in which the hero is a young man summoned by his father to do engineering work in the West. "Coast and Inland Yachting" describes the different styles of yachts which ply along our shores and on our inland lakes. Thomas Nelson Page in "A Gray Jacket" has depicted the character of an old soldier ruined by drink. "Architecture at the World's Columbian Exhibition," a well-illustrated article, gives us a very good idea of the beauty of the buildings now in process of erection on the World's Fair grounds. The poetry of the month, including verses by Edith Thomas, T. B. Aldrich, Maurice Thompson and George E. Woodberry, is remarkably good. We cannot linger over this magazine any longer, but pass on to

The *Magazine of Art*. The frontispiece is a photogravure of a painting by Alma Tadema, entitled "The Old Story." The first article is on Stanhope A. Forbes, the young painter recently elected to the Royal

Academy. The writer thinks that Mr. Forbes would rank himself among the realistic rather than the impressionist school of painting. Two of Mr. Forbes' pictures are reproduced here, viz., "The Health of the Bride" and "By Order of the Court." Prof. Baldwin Brown has an account of "Sir George Reid," the newly-elected president of the Royal Scottish Academy. Sir George Reid is best known to the public in general as a portrait painter, but Prof. Brown thinks that he has done better work in his landscape painting. Other articles which deserve especial notice are "Artistic Homes," by Lewis F. Day, and "Art Treasures of the Comédie Française," by Theodore Child.

The *Arena* is an example of success attained in a few short years. It is now in its fifth year, but is one of our most influential magazines. "Felix Austria," by Emil Blum, Ph.D., is a paper in which the author starts out to describe the "true, national, political and social conditions of the country." It is not a very bright picture that he draws of Austria and her probable future. Rev. M. J. Savage has a second article on "Psychical Research," in which he describes some very strange and remarkable cases which have come under his observation. S. L. Powers and Solomon Schindler join in a discussion on "The Use of Public Ways by Private Corporations." It takes a thoughtful mind to appreciate the *Arena*, and one seldom comes upon a more solid article than Prof. Bixby's "Zoroaster and Persian Dualism." Frances E. Willard, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the number, pleads for higher privileges for her sex in an article which takes its title from Tennyson's words, "The Woman's Cause is Man's." "A Spoil of Office" is a story by Hamblin Garland, who is becoming well known to the magazine world.

EXCHANGES.

"The Story of a Star," in the *Williams Lit.*, is far above the average story found in college magazines. "The Christ Child," in the same number, is very prettily told.

W. E. Dwight, in the opening article of the *Yale Lit.*, lays especial emphasis on "The Value of College Writing." The Junior Prize Oration on "Thomas Paine" is a study of deism in its relation to the early history of the United States.

It is in the *Brunonian* and, now and then, in the *Bowdoin Orient*, that we look for bright, spicy verse.

The exchanges that we receive from the women's colleges are too few in number. The *Vassar Miscellany* and the *Wellesley Prelude* stand almost alone among such publications. We are unable to account for so great a lack of interest in literary matters among colleges which include the names of *Smith* and *Bryn Mawr*.

We might cull from our exchanges enough stale, tiresome and sentimental poetry on spring to fill a small volume. A good poem on this

season of the year is like an oasis in the desert, and after following many a mirage, we have abandoned the search. Among quotable poems on other subjects are the following :

TWILIGHT.

When the shadows lengthen,
And the breezes strengthen,
E'er the lamp is lighted,
While the embers glow,
In that peaceful hour
Memory holds her power,
And on hearts benighted
Shines the long ago.

Then, when all is quiet,
And the noise and riot
Of the city's bustle
Fades upon the ear,
Then so near her lovers
Memory sadly hovers,
You may hear the rustle
Of her garments near.

Then, around us darkling,
E'er the stars are sparkling,
And the sacred seven
On the moon await,
As the earth grows dimmer
We may see the glimmer
Of the walls of heaven
And the Golden Gate.—*Southern Collegian.*

THE UTILITY OF POETRY.

I write to Ruth a sonnet sweet,
A poet I, would you believe it?
And then I haste with eager feet
To see if gladly she'll receive it.

Lo! on her lips my words she lays,
Now to her breast she clasps them! Graces,
Receive mine homage all the days,
My lines are fallen in pleasant places.—*Brunonian.*

NIGHT AND DAY.

Lydia's soul is a golden sun,
And her eyes are stars, they say;
If Lydia's soul is a golden sun,
And her eyes reflect its ray,
Then my heart is the world that they shine upon,
And her frown is night and her smile is day.—*Yale Courant.*

I, TOO.

He called me friend, and by the word he meant
The comrade of a day, a month, perhaps, no more.
I called him friend, for in my heart of hearts,
I knew I loved him, and should love till time be o'er.—*Oberlin Review.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

SELECTED POEMS. BY WALT WHITMAN. EDITED BY ARTHUR STEDMAN. (NEW YORK: CHARLES L. WEBSTER & Co.)

The genius of Walt Whitman is peculiar; and it has manifested itself in such a form that the position that he should hold is still a matter of discussion. But, aside from questions of poetic form, no one will hesitate to say that he has some poetic spirit. Two of the most beautiful selections in the volume are, "From Out of the Cradle," and "Proud Music of the Storm." These, of themselves, would prove him a true poet. The editor has sought "to offer, in a conventional form, those of his poems which are held to be most nearly in harmony with the poetic era, and to add selections from his more distinctive chantings." The book is one of the "Fiction, Fact and Fancy Series," and is simply and tastefully bound. It will be a genuine pleasure to all lovers of "that distinctively American poet—Walt Whitman."

POEMS. BY MAURICE THOMPSON. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Maurice Thompson, critic and charming story-teller, in this volume shows a still wider versatility. It embodies poems that have appeared in magazines, together with some now offered to the public for the first time. The volume is a collection of short poems in a charming variety of metres and rhythms. Through the poems we get so many glimpses of nature. He sings of the twilight, the sunrise, and the songsters of the forest. The author pays a tribute to the "Wabash," a river in his native State—Indiana. In "To the South," he shows a keen appreciation of Southern bravery, and although a sympathizer with the cause, takes a sensible view of the outcome. The days of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest are recalled by "The Archer" and "In Exile." The author's style is easy and natural, although at times it becomes, perhaps, too heroic. His ballads are rich and mellow. There is such a sweet and healthy tone about them; he is such a lover of nature himself, and in his poems he displays his personality. To those who recognize the charm of this modern singer, the volume will be a real treasure. That the book is from the Riverside Press is a sufficient warrant for its form and finish.

A GOLDEN GOSSIP. BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

An admirable girls' book. We find in this volume the same good sense and practical teaching that is such a prominent feature in Mrs. Whitney's stories. The scene is laid in a little Massachusetts country

town, and the central figure is Miss Haven, the "Golden Gossip." She did what she could to straighten out the crooked stories and set matters right in this gossip community.

THE THREE FATES. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. (LONDON AND NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

This latest of Mr. Crawford's novels is a story of New York life. The hero, John Winton Wood, is a novelist. His life and character is moulded by association with three young women—the Three Fates. The story starts with him as a poorly-paid space writer, and concludes with him as a wealthy author. The plot is well defined and the characters admirably drawn. The contradictions in the characters of Thomas Craik and Constance Fearing are striking. Among the interesting descriptions is that of the "literary hack" and his fascination for his work. In a moralizing tone the author speaks of ink as the "hardest of task-masters, the most insinuating of poisons, the surest of destroyers." Society foibles are satirized in the character of Mrs. Sherrington Trimm. Each of the Three Fates have an attractive personality. This last of Mr. Crawford's novels can well be placed among his best.

A DAY AT LAGUERRE'S AND OTHER DAYS. By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. \$1.25. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

A collection of nine sketches gathered from a variety of places. The subjects are odd characters and picturesque scenes. The first is a charming little sketch of a French inn, in the quaintest of French settlements. The painter wanders in Constantinople, Cordova, Venice, Bulgaria and Mexico, boldly sketching the queerest characters, with a background of some out-of-the-way place. The last three are sketches near home. One describes the mad heroism of Captain Joe, and another is a bit of experience in a Virginia town. "Hutchins" is a pathetic story of an odd Christmas present. In its make-up the book is attractive in its quaintness. The title page is illuminated in imitation of a 17th century style. It is artistic and beautiful in its individuality.

VAN BIBBER AND OTHERS. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. \$1.00. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROS.)

Van Bibber and his friends have found as ardent admirers as the author is himself. There are fifteen stories in this collection; a few, however, are but short sketches. They show the variety of New York life. The author is as much at home in a Sixth avenue restaurant as at Delmonico's. The reader makes friends with both Travers and "Hefty" Burke; he admires Andy McGee's chorus girl almost as much as Eleanore Cuyler. "Mr. Traver's First Hunt" is a humorous sketch, while "Outside the Prison" is a sad, pathetic story. There is such a versatility and freshness in his themes. The book tells of typical New Yorkers in almost all grades of society. The author is original in his manner of treatment. The first eight stories are clustered about Van Bibber; three

others around "Hefty" Burke, and the remainder are on a variety of subjects. The book is attractively bound and is illustrated.

COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE.

BY BRET HARTE. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

There are nine short stories in this collection. The first one is the longest, and is a tale of Southern life immediately before the war. The scene is laid partly in California and partly in Kentucky, and the characters have a wealth of Southern traits. The story ends with the beginning of the war. "The Postmistress of Laurel Run" is an exciting story of Western life. "A Night of 'Hays'" is a frontier story; an actress is one of the important characters. "The New Assistant at Pine Clearing School" is the most pleasing story in the book. "Johnson's Old Woman" and "Out of a Pioneer's Trunk" are well-drawn sketches. In these stories Bret Harte displays his inimitable dialect, his variety of incident and well-drawn characters.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER.
(NEW YORK: A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.)

Mr. Spurgeon himself, during his last illness, directed the revision of the proof-sheets of the greater part of the volume under consideration. It is a source for congratulation that we can have a trustworthy account of the work of one of the great men of the world, for his magnificent intellectual power, which enabled him to preach to thousands of persons, to organize and to carry on many diverse enterprises in Christian work, for his spiritual power, the enthusiasm which nothing could conquer. Mr. Spurgeon's life is worthy of being preserved and of being studied. Beginning with a sketch of the great preacher's godly ancestry, we come, after three chapters, to Mr. Spurgeon himself, whom we follow through boyhood until, at sixteen, he begins his career as a preacher, first in the country and afterward in London. The results of his work, all know. And it is entertaining and inspiring to see the various causes which in their effects made Mr. Spurgeon's work just what it was. The story is carried to the end of the preacher's life. More than fifty illustrations add to the interest of the volume.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. PART II. 500—445, B. C. BY EVELYN ABBOTT. \$2.25. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Mr. Abbott's former works have been received with so much cordiality that we are glad to announce the publication of the second part of his History of Greece. This part covers the period between the Ionian Revolt and the Thirty years Peace, and is a volume of more than five hundred pages. The treatise opens with a brief sketch of a subject no less interesting than the Constitutional History of the Nation, and the progress, not toward unity but toward disunion, which is at an early period evident in the Grecian state. The arrangement of the volume

makes it a very convenient one for consultation. We find not only a full index, but also headlines and marginal references on every page. Six maps give an idea of the places in which great deeds were accomplished. The author gives his theory of history in a quotation at the beginning of the book—"History is the portrait or lineament, and not a bare catalogue of things done; and without the how and why, all history is jejune and unprofitable."

THE LESSON OF THE MASTER. BY HENRY JAMES. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

Six of Mr. James' fascinating stories are in this volume. The characters have a charm of developing themselves. Strange contradictions characterize some, but all have an ease and naturalness. Two attractive characters are Henry St. George, in the "The Lesson of the Master," and Morgan Moreen, in "The Pupil." The bland American, Mr. Wilmerding, is the attractive person in "The Solution." The scenes and incidents in the stories are well selected and bring out the characters to perfection. The style of Mr. James is always distinguished by its refinement and delicacy. Every story is distinctly a story, finished and absorbing. There is a certain perfection in Mr. James' latest volume. "Every page is, in the art of fiction, a Lesson of the Master."

THE TEST PRONOUNCER. BY WILLIAM HENRY P. PHYFE. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

A companion volume to "7,000 Words Often Mispronounced," and intended for class-room work. It contains the identical list found in the larger work, arranged in groups of tens, without diacritical marks for convenience in recitation.

CASPAR WISTAR HODGE. A MEMORIAL ADDRESS. BY FRANCIS L. PATTON. (NEW YORK: ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.)

The three Hodges who have done so much in the formulation and defense of Princeton Theology were striking personalities. Dr. Wistar Hodge was in some respects the greatest of the three. Dr. Patton, who was associated with him in the Seminary, is eminently fitted to give us a correct estimate of his character and work. An interesting comparison with his father and brother reveals many traits unlike either. One seldom reads a keener analysis of character. Those qualities of mind and heart which he displayed as a friend, a preacher and a teacher are described in a masterly way. A brief discussion of his attitude toward the new theology and a review of his work as a New Testament Exegete complete the address. The book is modestly bound and makes a fitting memorial to Dr. Wistar Hodge.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. BY JOHN FISKE. TWO VOLUMES. \$4.00. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This work represents the labor of thirty years. Prof. Fiske has taken most of his material at first hand and has verified his statements in his

references. He gives a complete view of the discovery from the time of Lief Ericson to Pizarro.

The first 150 pages of the first volume are taken up with a description of Ancient America. He offers a detailed review of Prehistoric America as revealed by the researches of Morgan, Bandelier, Cushing, Charnay and others. He classifies and describes the Indians of the North, but most of the chapter is taken up with an estimate of the most interesting of the Aborigines, the Mayas, Zunis and Aztecs. He continually compares Indian institutions with those of the Greeks and Romans. He considers "mound-builder" a misnomer, because the mound-builders were not different from the Indians and can not rightly be called by that name any more than our ancestors can be called "castle-builders."

The pre-Columbian voyages are next taken up. The voyages of Lief Ericson and his courageous companions are graphically described. Prof. Fiske believes strongly in the Viking expeditions and the occupation of Vinland by Norsemen; he does not, however, believe the round tower at Newport to be their handiwork. Almost four hundred pages pass, before the reader gets a glimpse of Columbus. Before this two chapters take up "Europe and Cathay" and "The Eastern Route to the Indies." Columbus starts on the Western or Spanish route to Cathay.

The possibility of Columbus getting his information about the New World from the Icelandic Sagas, is discredited by the author. The fact that he never made an attempt to sail towards the North shows that he knew nothing of Vinland. Mr. Fiske discusses in full the motives that led to the Columbian voyages. The cosmography of Mela and Ptolemy, and the map of Toscanelli, had a great influence upon the plans of Columbus. It was the enormous mistake in their estimates of the world's size that led the great discoverer to undertake the voyage. He supposed Cipango or Japan to be about 2,500 miles to the West, when it was really about 12,000 miles. It is needless to say that even such a great voyager as Columbus would have hesitated to embark on so long a voyage as the latter.

The history of all the voyages of Columbus is given in full. There is some pathos in the fact that the great discoverer never realized that he had found a New World.

The second volume begins with the history of the Cabots and their discoveries. He says: "The first fateful note that heralded the coming English supremacy was sounded when John Cabot's tiny craft sailed out from Bristol channel." He discusses the career of Amerigo Vesputius, and tells why the New World received his name. The work of such hardy adventurers as Francis Drake, Magellan and Balboa is reviewed. A brief history of the conquest of Mexico, and a sketch of Aztec character and institutions, makes up an interesting chapter. The adventures of Pizarro and his achievements in Peru, give the reader an insight into both Spanish and Indian character. There is given a brief resumé of the two centuries of colonization that followed immediately on the era of discovery.

Many maps, reproductions of original documents, demonstrate the ignorance of the early navigators about the land they had discovered. The illustrations are of real service in making the text more lucid.

The book appears at a time when America is peculiarly fitted for its reception. Prof. Fiske dedicates it to the late Prof. E. A. Freeman.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHAS. L. WEBSTER & Co., NEW YORK.

Merry Tales. By Mark Twain.

The German Emperor. By Poultney Bigelow.

FUNK AND WAGNALLS Co., NEW YORK.

Ethical Teachings in Old English Literature. By Prof. T. W. Hunt.

D. APPLETON & Co., NEW YORK.

Justice. By Herbert Spencer.

ARENA PUBLISHING Co.

Bond Holders and Bread Winners. By S. S. King.

The Irresistible Conflict Between Two World Theories. By Rev.

Minot J. Savage.

Jason Edwards. By Hamlin Garland.

Who Lies? By Prof. Emil Blum and Sigmund Alexander.

Is This Your Son, My Lord? By Helen Gardiner.

Main-Travelled Roads. By Hamlin Garland.

Lessons Learned by Other Lives. By B. O. Flower.

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